MAYFAIR

Vol. 23 No.2

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THE MAN WHO RIDES MOTORBIKES OFF MOUNTAINS

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Mayfair UK - Volume 23 No. 2

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SPECIAL FEATURES

page

The Greatest Escape: 87 under the wire *Mark Seaman* 46
Mountain Maniac: Daredevil descent *Alain Ernoult* 62
Jumbo: He really existed *Nino Lo Bello* 87
Carrie: Undress rehearsal *Steve Kingston* 112

GIRLS

Anne: Loves playing Haydn seek *Basil Crawford-Smith* 9
Jacqui Bell: The soap star's sexy girlfriend 23
Harriet: Doubling for a TV stunt lady *Michael Moore* 39
Stephanie: Our chubby teenager *Joanie Allum* 51
Chantelle: Gallic and gorgeous *Ed Alexander* 68
Celia: She has designs on men *John Patrick Burgess* 91
Katrina: Tartan tease *Donald Milne* 106

HUMOUR

In Sickness and in Wealth: Pay beds lampooned *Anthony* 75
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me: Your choice jokes 99
Lost in Translation: Language gaffes *Dennis Winston* 100

INFORMERS

Scene from Mayfair: News, food, travel, films 15
Motoring: Hairy Healeys *William Boddy* 32
Quest: Sexual quirks continued 79

FICTION

Dental Delight: Excruciating pleasure *Sam White* 20

SPECIAL OFFERS

1988 Mayfair Calendar and Diary page 14/**Best of Mayfair** page 38/**Lingerie Collection** pages 66 and 80/**Diver's Watch** page 86/**Style Watches** page 104

READER SERVICES

Letters page 6/**Back Numbers** page 8/**Book Society** page 74/**French Subscription Details** page 85/**Subscription Details** page 103

Deliciously rounded 37-24-37 Stephanie Bews was the star of the 1987 Sex Maniacs Ball. See why inside.

51

Hunger after Austin-Healey's hairy little sportsters.

32

Stuntman Alain Prieur doesn't just parachute off mountains — he rides a motorbike at the same time. Share the pillion in our astonishing colour photographs.

62

COVER STORY

Nineteen-year-old model Jacqui Bell is a friend of *Coronation Street* heart throb Chris Quinten, as she told a Sunday newspaper when she made front page news. We invite you to join the soap star's girl friend in her bathtub.

23

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistants **Sarah Buck** and **Lisa Oldfield** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

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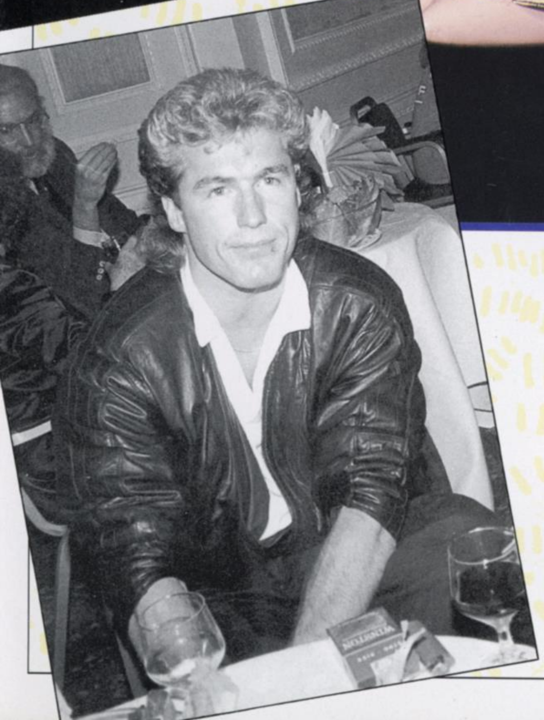
ANNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

If music is the food of love then 18-year-old Anne Wilmot must be a red hot lover. Since coming to London to study the violin she has earnt extra money by busking on the London Underground. 'Haydn seems to go down best, although I'm not very good,' she added modestly. 'But I do try to give it my best.' Perhaps it's her girlish looks and 34-24-33 figure which impress the commuters. She says she is shy. 'I am always nervous about meeting people for the first time.'

It seems our sexy soloist just can't bear the thought of uttering something silly when a man takes an interest in her. 'I get all tongue-twisted and my heart races when I meet someone I like the look of. I suppose I'm too concerned about making a good impression.' Anne need have no worries there! She likes a man to be assertive but considerate too. Anne has no plans to give up busking. 'Where else would I find a more appreciative audience?'

WORLD NUDE EXCLUSIVE

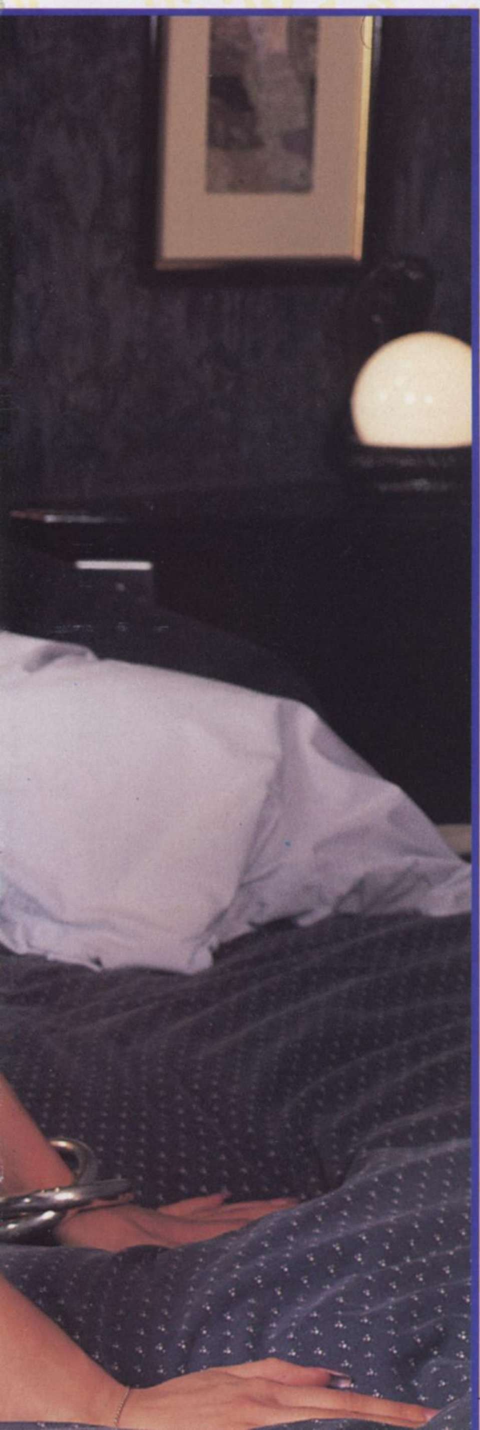


Coronation Street *star Chris Quinten. 'We have been out together and we are good friends,' says model Jacqui Bell.*

JACQUI BELL

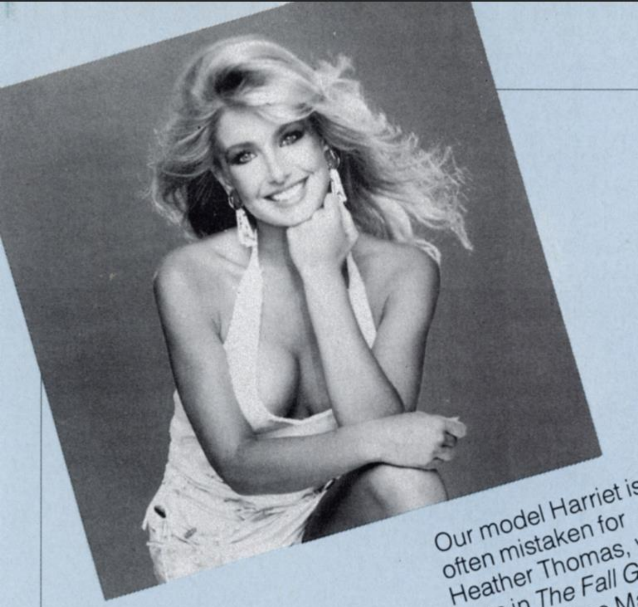
–the girl who burnt Fiona Wright's diaries to keep secret her friendship with Coronation Street star Chris Quinten

Throwing your flatmate's diary on the fire may not be the ideal way to make yourself popular, but it earned 19-year-old model Jacqui Bell — a friend of the *Coronation Street* star Chris Quinten — a front page story in a Sunday newspaper. Jacqui shared a London flat with 20-year-old fellow model Fiona Wright, whose friendships with famous men had already made news.



Jacqui told *The People* newspaper. 'It made us very suspicious. I went to Fiona's wardrobe to get some clothes I had lent her and saw the diaries and tapes. I know I shouldn't have looked but the temptation was too much. I was horrified to find personal details about me.' It was her fear that details of her friendship with Chris Quinten might be revealed that prompted her to put Fiona Wright's diaries on the fire.

Jacqui said in *The People*: 'Chris and I have been out together and we are quite good friends, but that's it.' Mr Quinten, perhaps wisely, is making no comment. In the meantime we present, exclusively to *Mayfair* readers, a fully nude pictorial of the delightful Ms Bell.



Our model Harriet is often mistaken for Heather Thomas, who stars in *The Fall Guy* with actor Lee Majors

Harriet

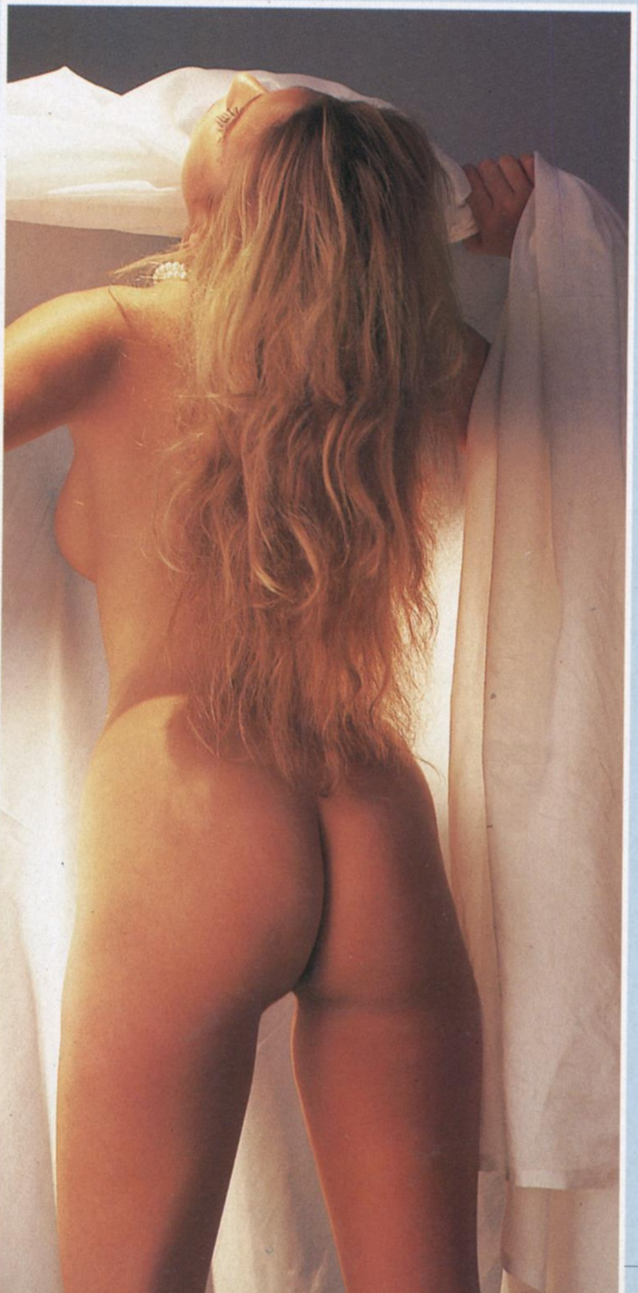
NO, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER SOMEWHERE BEFORE...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

If one more person stops Harriet Wilkinson and says, ‘Aren’t you the girl in *The Fall Guy*?’ she says she’ll scream. Most girls would be flattered to be mistaken for Heather Thomas, the beautiful blonde in the US television series, but for 20-year-old Harriet, the novelty is beginning to wear off. ‘Although I admit there is a likeness, I can’t see it,’ she adds modestly.

However, the resemblance has helped launch Harriet on a modelling career, and with a superb 36-24-36 figure to go with it, we predict she won't be working at the switchboard of a Bristol printing firm much longer. Unless she chooses to. 'I like my job very much,' she says, 'You get to flirt with all the customers. Especially the men with deep brown voices — I really love that.'

Harriet has no desire to share Heather's all-action lifestyle. 'Work with a stunt man!' she cried. 'You must be joking!' Harriet, it seems, is a total coward. 'I'm scared of heights, spiders and fast driving,' she said. 'Lee Majors is a dishy guy but I'd rather have him tucked up in the warm with me than hang off a helicopter with him.' Who can blame her?



Stephanie Bews

She's big, she's bouncy and she's only 18. This month's centrefold is bubbly Stephanie Bews and this is not only her first set for Mayfair, but her first photo session ever! 'I was bit nervous to begin with,' said young Stephanie, 'but once Joanie, the photographer, showed me the sort of pictures she takes, it made me feel a lot more confident about myself.'

Stephanie was spotted by Joanie's husband John at the 1987 Sex Maniacs Ball in London. 'It was a wild night,' said Stephanie. 'I went there with some friends and I was dressed in just a red body stocking with fishnet stockings. When I was standing outside, waiting to go into the Ball, all these other people were all fully clothed and I felt really under-dressed. But once inside, everyone went crazy and stripped down to some really outrageous outfits.' It was unbelievable! And it was here that John saw the potential of this vivacious young girl's 37-24-37 puppy fat charms.

Steph is a girl of many talents and can often be seen at her local pub, The Dog and Pheasant in Brooke, playing keyboards and singing in a band called Strange Arrangement. She drives the regulars wild, flaunting her chubby sexiness in a

Stephanie Bews

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

Stephanie Bews

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

CHANTELLE

'Hello, dollface.' That's how men greet 18-year-old Chantelle Bachilier when they see her in the street. Her fine porcelain features were for a long time one of Poitiers' beauty spots along with her curvaceous 40-24-35 figure. But now she's more likely to be spotted in Essex where Chantelle is staying while she's on a long holiday in Britain. Chantelle was living in Basildon when we spoke to her, earning pocket money working as a supermarket cashier. But she has hopes of adding her French sense of style to the Southampton area soon. She wants to study fashion at the polytechnic there. And has very definite views on what girls should wear.

John Lander

'I hate way-out clothes,' says Chantelle, her soft French accent belying the strength of her feelings. 'All my outfits are classic designs bought from *Next* or *Miss Selfridge*. I also make my own dresses and have just started to sell them, quite successfully.

Whilst she's been in Britain, Chantelle has also been making the most of the Essex countryside. On warm days, she likes cycling or windsurfing, and she's also taken up gliding from a club based in Loughton. You might also spot her baby-doll looks in any of Basildon's wine bars. Her favourite tipple is dry white wine — a French one of course.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JOHN
PATRICK BURGESS

CELIA

With her lithe bodyline and clean-cut features, 23-year-old Celia has all the grace and poise of a fashion model, which is, in fact what she used to be. However, halfway down the catwalk she hopped off and entered the business at the other end as a designer. 'It's altogether a more creative and ultimately more satisfying existence,' she purrs.

Her 34-24-34 Voguish good looks are a legacy from her half-French, half-Portuguese mother who was also a figure in the fashion world. 'I was constantly surrounded by all these beautiful and elegant people. My whole upbringing was a whirl of sophistication and glamour,' she says. Her creative bent stems from her father, an interior designer with a list of prestigious clients to his credit. 'He always encouraged me.'

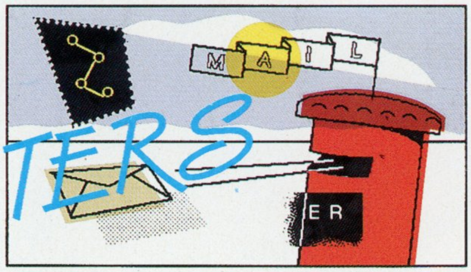
Richmond-born Celia's current creations should cause quite a stir. Meanwhile she's keen to apply her talents to the male market. 'Modelling gave me a sense of how women's clothing should look and now I'd like to concentrate on men,' she concludes with a wry smile.

KATRINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Katrina Baird is used to dancing circles around men and leaving them in a spin. For when this captivating 22-year-old isn't modelling she teaches aerobics and dance classes. 'I live to dance,' she enthused to *Mayfair* photographer Donald Milne, flashing her big, round eyes, 'all types of dance . . .'

Indeed, such is the obsession of our 34-22-32 hoofer from Edinburgh, that she even won the city's Dance Championships and represented Scotland in the Malibu World Dance Championships. What a mover! So, what does she get up to in her spare time? You've guessed it; dancing. 'Oh, and also figure-skating,' she added after a pause. 'Well of course, you have to relax sometimes!' It would obviously take a man of great energy to keep up with Katrina's upwardly mobile way of life.



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Better in a basque

Congratulations to Gerald Rawling for his feature on the Sinking of the Titanic in Vol 22 No 12. It's a really sad story that's always intrigued me, and he presented it very well.

I also loved the set on Jennifer, especially the pictures of her in the white lacy basque. It made her 40-inch boobs look really good. I was fascinated to learn how she enjoys nude modelling but thinks it's more of a turn on for guys to see her in sexy underwear. She's absolutely right! Please continue to feature such stunning ladies.

SG, Edinburgh

Fabulous Fiats

I enjoyed William Boddy's Fiat article (Vol 23 No 1) as it reminded me of many happy Turin trips in the early 1970s.

Fiat's large museum there is quite magnificent and covers all aspects of the company's operations. A star attraction in the Aero section is the supercharged, 51 litre, V24 engine, in a scarlet, needle-nosed Macchi Castoldi MC72 floatplane, strung with oil and coolant radiators. It set a 440.6mph world record in 1934 (some say this record still stands today).

Elsewhere, chain-driven 'Mephistopheles', one of the great Brooklands and land speed record cars powered by a 21.7 litre Fiat airship engine, towers over Ferraris and other exciting Italian roadsters. With a tapebound exhaust as big as a drainpipe, this six cylinder model is a striking example of life at the limit, long before belts and fireproofs were thought of. Straight out of *Boy's Own*, in fact.

Meanwhile long may all the best models appear in *Mayfair*!

D Kinsella, London SW19

Hot-blooded hyperbole

Brilliant! Fantastic! Magic! Out of this world! What am I on about? *Best of Mayfair* No 7 and Vol 22 No 12, of course.

Vol 22 No 12 was packed with delicious young ladies, from Marina — one of my favourite ever *Mayfair* girls — to Wendy (I'd happily help her restore a brass bed as long as we could try it out together afterwards) to Sylvie in her shiny black plastic gear: she can come up to Yorkshire and squeeze into her black catsuit for me any time!

Best of Mayfair was brilliant from cover to cover, but about the girl on the front? Who is she? When can we see her *inside Mayfair*? If she wants any help in removing that body-hugging fishnet playsuit she's wearing then my offer is permanently open.

JP, Shipley

The covergirl you can't forget

I recently purchased *Best of Mayfair No 7* due to the sensational model on the cover. She is by far the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.

I rushed my copy home hoping to see more of this gorgeous goddess, only to find nothing more of her inside, not even a caption! Please — what is her name? Do you have any more pictures of her — preferably wearing garments similar to the fishnets and suspenders she's wearing on the cover? If so, *please* publish them soon!

RR, Ashford, Middlesex

Many readers have written to say how much they admired the Best of Mayfair cover, but none seem to have recognised our very own Zoe Lee, last featured in Vol 21 No 12. For her many fans we present two out-takes from that highly successful cover shoot.

Trim triangle

How I concur with JL of London (Vol 22 No 10) extolling the virtues of the shaven pubis. I'd like to tell you of my findings.

I am the director of a small engineering concern. My office is rather tucked away which I find helpful as there are no passersby. My secretary who has the room next to me, has been with us for over two years and is thirtyish but very trim. We get on very well indeed, and I was always aware of a certain amount of attraction between us, but it was not until recently, when she took me for granted and was found out, that we first got together.

It all turned on the fact that I am very punctual, to the point of being silly about timing. One day I went to the dining room at one pm, as usual, and would normally have been back at two precisely, had I not been asked for some drawings which I kept in my office.

I dashed back to get them expecting to find the office empty, but as I came through my secretary's room I saw that my own door was ajar and a woman's leg was stretched out in front of my desk. Below it, on the carpet, was what appeared to be a coloured hankerchief. As I stopped I heard a low buzzing sound.

Approaching carefully, I saw a knee, the other leg, thighs and then a hand holding a Ladyshave moving slowly across the exposed pubic area. I realised then the handkerchief was, in fact, my secretary's knickers. She was sitting back in my chair with her skirt pulled up to her waist and her legs spread wide as she shaved her pussy.

It was a beautiful sight which quickly made my cock stand to attention. But I had to get those drawings, so I tapped on the door and walked in. My secretary's face was a picture, but I told her not to worry and that I would see her later. As she hurriedly covered herself I gathered up the drawings. That evening, when all was quiet, I called her into my office. There was a distinctly sexual feel to the atmosphere, and I'm sure she felt as much as I did that something was going to happen.

Sitting opposite me, she told me

turn to page 8

More revealing views of the popular covergirl of Best of Mayfair No 7 — *Zoe Lee. See letter above.*

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Sian Adey Jones was in Vol 20 No 1. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 20 Nos 1, 3, 6, 8 and 12 for only £5. But be quick!

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LETTERS

continued from page 6

that she had been into hospital for an operation a couple of years back and her pubic hair had had to be removed. She had got so used to the feeling of the smooth skin that she had shaved ever since. She had only done it in the office today because she had been very busy at home recently and had not had time to use her shaver. That morning the irritation had got too much for her to bear.

As she spoke she crossed and recrossed her legs and I suddenly realised she had not put her knickers back on. I apologised for bursting in on her and asked if she had managed to finish. She said she had, and I said it was a pity I'd never be treated to such a splendid sight again. Then she smiled and said that was up to me. I found myself asking if she'd like to show me the full result now.

My heart thumped as she stood up, walked round to my side of the desk and stood beside me. Then she carefully unclipped her skirt, drew down the zip and lowered her skirt down her thighs.

But for her shoes and a pair of support stockings, she was naked from the waist down. The few items of clothing only seemed to emphasise the absolute bareness of her pussy.

As she looked at me, I reached up and touched the soft smoothness of her mound. She breathed in and opened her legs slightly and I drew my finger down the soft, puffy lips of her pussy. She felt scalding hot and extremely wet.

For the next few magical moments she stood quite still, only giving faint gasps, as I explored the delightful whorls of her sex, uncovering the stiffening nub of her clitoris and gently probing her warm, wet opening. Then, as I continued to stroke her, she closed her eyes and her breathing became more ragged. It became clear to me that she was becoming very excited indeed, and I suddenly had a powerful desire to kiss her there.

Standing up, I eased her back onto the edge of my desk and got her to lie back while I raised and opened her legs. Then, getting down on my knees, I buried my head between her thighs. As my tongue touched her labia she moaned and jerked her mound into my face. I began to lick her, rubbing her clitoris with my nose and the point of my chin. The smell, taste and feel of her was unbelievable and my satisfaction almost as great as hers as she climaxed, groaning and jerking on my desktop and squeezing her legs tight about my head.

When she had recovered and sat up again, she told me she had often wondered what oral sex would be like after she had begun shaving herself, but until now she had not been in a position to find out. It was, she said, well worth the wait!

Then she saw the lump in my trousers and, to my surprise, asked if I'd ever thought of shaving my pubes, since she'd be very happy to do it for me.

Since I had a faint fear that our session might end with oral sex I readily accepted her offer. She immediately pushed me back into my chair, unbuckled my trousers and drew them and my pants down. Then she fetched her Ladyshave from her room, knelt down and went to work on me.

Since I am no superstud, the feel of her lovely hand holding my swollen shaft quickly became too much for me, and I exploded. I apologised at once, but it was now her turn to reassure me. She said she'd never actually seen a man ejaculate before — even though she'd had several boyfriends — and to show me she didn't mind she gently kissed the tip of my limp penis.

Then she went on to remove all traces of hair from my crotch and balls, her careful manipulation soon bringing me back to full erection. By now I was even more worked up than before and couldn't help reaching down to stroke my secretary's bare thighs, occasionally slipping my hand between her legs to stroke her pussy once more. She felt even wetter than before, and, no sooner was my shaving done, than she told me to sit back in my chair.

Gripping my erection, she straddled me, pulled the tip of my cock towards her pussy and then sank slowly down onto it until she had swallowed me completely. The sensation of our bare croches moving together was out of this world and the fuck that followed was the the most exciting and satisfying I have ever had.

We have made love many times since, but the unimpeded feeling of her naked mound against mine, and the beautiful sight of penetrating her lips without a single hair to hide the view are experiences I am sure I will never forget.

(Name and address withheld)

DIY woman

Having purchased your fine magazine for quite a few years now it is becoming more and more obvious that it is streets ahead of all its rivals. You have more top

turn to page 110

Whispers
There are some things we can only tell you personally.

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LETTERS

continued from page 8

quality models, it seems, than Rolls Royce.

But one thing I haven't seen yet in your glossy pages is my ideal woman. She is as follows:

A six feet tall, busty brunette, wearing

1. Black lace blouse (see-through);
2. Black lace bra (low cut);
3. Black leather knee-length skirt (split);
4. Black seamed stockings (silk);
5. Black lace petticoat (just showing);
6. Black leather high-heeled shoes (six inch heels).

Would it be too much to ask if in the coming editions you could bring me my long awaited dream — please?

JH, Wigginton, Herts

We don't think we've spotted her yet, JH, but after a description like that we'll certainly keep looking.

In praise of older women

I've always considered myself an average looking 18-year-old with a reasonable success rate with girls. These past few months however, have been a bit barren for me in the bonking department. I've enticed several girls back to my place during this period only to be spurned at the very point when things started to look interesting. I'd been left high and dry so many times of late that my balls were beginning to go blue and something a little more fundamental than my ego was in dire need of a massage.

Just as I was about to turn queer, June stepped, or should I say 'staggered', into my life.

June is an ample bosomed, and not unattractive 40-year-old divorcee who has been a friend of the family for years. She was always round our house, chatting to my mum and making saucy remarks about me in front of everyone. It embarrassed me greatly, but I continued to harbour secret fantasises about June, often using her as a focal point when I had to take my frustration into my own hands. One night that fantasy became very much a reality.

I was out drinking on my own late one evening, having decided to give my usual local a miss as all the women there were either tried and tested or already spoken for. So I'd marched into this other pub a couple of miles away and ordered a pint.

I'd got about halfway through my drink when I felt somebody grab my backside. I turned around to see June grinning naughtily at me. 'Hello sexy. Haven't seen you in here before,' she breathed in her typically husky fashion.' 'Nnno I don't usually drink in here that's why,' I spluttered, realising how silly my answer sounded. She then planted a huge wet kiss smack on my mouth. I gulped, taking in air and noticing a strong smell of alcohol on her breath.

She was obviously drunk, but looked absolutely stunning in a silky skirt, flesh coloured stockings and fit-to-burst blouse. I mumbled something into my beer about how nice she looked and she pushed up close to me giving me a dirty smile and continuing her saucy line of chatter.

All the time she was talking I could not take my eyes off her tits and she kept catching me staring at her cleavage. I was becoming more and more embarrassed and at the same time more and more aroused. She then offered to buy me another drink.

'I can't,' I replied. 'I'm driving.' 'Oh, good,' she countered, 'You can give me a lift home then.' And before I could argue she dragged me out into the car park.

Minutes later we were outside her place. By this time she was very much the worse for wear and I had to help her out of the car and up to her front door. As she leaned against my shoulder, I felt her warm breath on my cheek and smelled her heady perfume. My cock stiffened in response to the smell of womanhood. As I opened her door, she slipped gracefully to the floor, giggling wildly, completely unaware that her skirt was around her waist giving a creamy white glimpse of thigh above her stocking tops and a hint of lacy white panties. My dick continued to assume vertical take-off position and pulsed rapidly in appreciation of this very erotic display.

I stood there gawping for several moments. Now would be the perfect time to realise my fantasy, I thought, but how would June react? As it happened she needed no prompting whatsoever, for as I bent down to help her up she threw her arms round my neck and thrust her tongue into my mouth. I collapsed on to her, feeling the soft pillowy flesh of her enormous tits. We rolled on the floor, tearing hungrily at each other's clothes, tonguing and licking anything that moved as we tumbled half naked across her hallway.

I buried my face deep into those massive orbs of hers and thrust a hand between her thighs, to find

turn to page 114

LETTERS

continued from page 110

her dripping with juices. 'Stick it in! Stick it in!' she yelped grabbing my cock and guiding it into her sopping wet honey pot. It slid in easily, which was just as well for had she been any tighter I would have shot my wad there and then. As it was I was having trouble stopping myself from climaxing as she bucked and moaned beneath me, screaming, 'Fuck me Toy Boy! Fuck me!'

I held on for dear life, pumping furiously. June continued to hurl profanities at me until I could hold on no longer feeling that familiar twitch which meant that pay day wasn't far away. And sure enough, seconds later, I was firing on both cylinders, filling her. As June went into overdrive she reached her own peak screaming 'Yes! Yes! Burn me with your red hot sperm!', which of course I did, while her body shuddered in the throes of orgasm.

Later we continued our little exercise in her vast comfortable bed and have done so many times since. It seems my bonkless days are over.

R B, Essex

Another chance to see

Since I'm usually motivated to purchase *Mayfair* by the girl on the cover, the shot of Sylvie on the the front of Vol 22 No 12 prompted me to reach for the top shelf in my newsagents. *Mayfair* has always been a quality publication — excellent photosets and a good read — and Vol 22 No 12 is no exception. The photoset of Sylvie is superb and the picture of Kay Griffiths on page 29 would surely be in any photographic publication covering 'Tits of the Twentieth Century' — certainly my photo of the month!

Another bonus in this last issue of the year is the review of the previous 12 months' girls — a chance for me to catch what I may have missed. I remember seeing a cover photo of Zoe Lee in a school uniform, which frustratingly was not featured inside. Although I missed the issue that eventually contained the schoolgirl photoset, thanks to your annual review I now know it was Vol 21 No 12. Needless to say my order has been hastily despatched to Pat Asquith!

Steve, Bolton

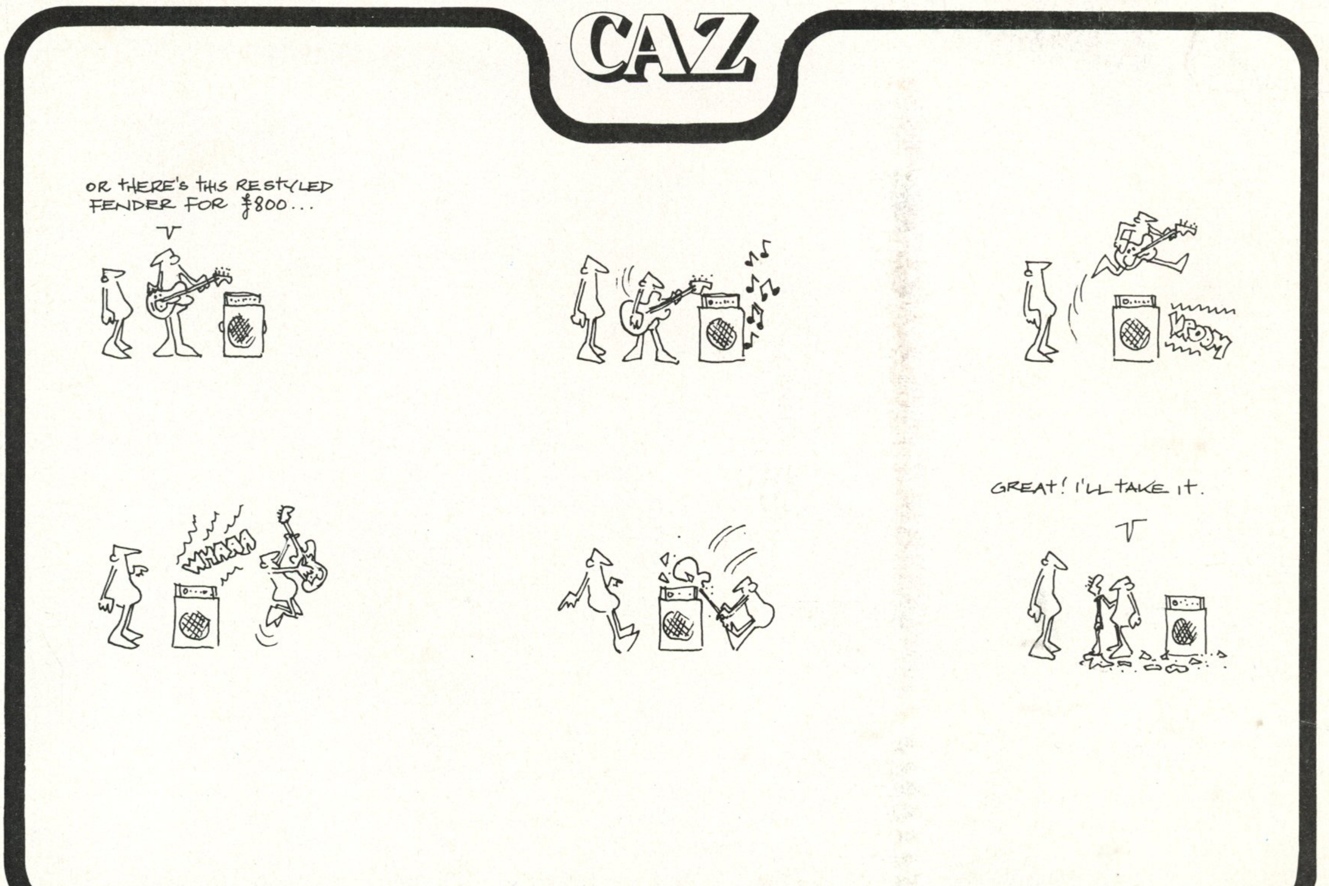
We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

A.O.N.B.

Some years ago you featured a young lady whose photographs were used to advertise your 1986 Calendar and Diary. Patricia Hayes was the exquisite beauty in question and the pictures used were of her sitting in a white chair wearing some fantastic lingerie. Unfortunately, I've only come across two pictures, both similar, but equally stunning. Indeed, so breathtaking is she that I have kept these two small pictures as my own 'Area of outstanding natural beauty'. I'd like to know if you intend to feature her again.

MDS, Wales

We've no immediate plans to feature Patricia in the magazine, but she is certainly a hot candidate for a future Best of Mayfair collector's issue Meanwhile we hope this gives another interesting view to add to your Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty.


CAZ
OR THERE'S THIS RESTYLED FENDER FOR $800...
VROOM
WHAAA
GREAT! I'LL TAKE IT.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Mud sports

If the South Koreans can find a place for an obscure martial art in the Olympics, let's hope that the 1992 Games are held in North West England. Then perhaps we can add their latest craze to the sporting scene. It's mud wrestling — two slippery women sliding around in brown goo like some sort of erotic pottery demonstration. Although it hasn't quite achieved Olympic status just yet, the sport has been spotted in several places in the Manchester area, and is promising to take over the rest of Britain. The rules are simple. Two girls in bikinis (which stay put throughout, though clogged with mud it's hard to tell) try and pin each other to the canvas which is hidden beneath a couple of inches of liquid clay. However with no medals to compete for, it often ends up with helpless giggling instead. So, get your lady friends to start up a team. Who knows there could soon be a league and television coverage on 'Mulch of the Day.' Begin training now — and send us the pictures.

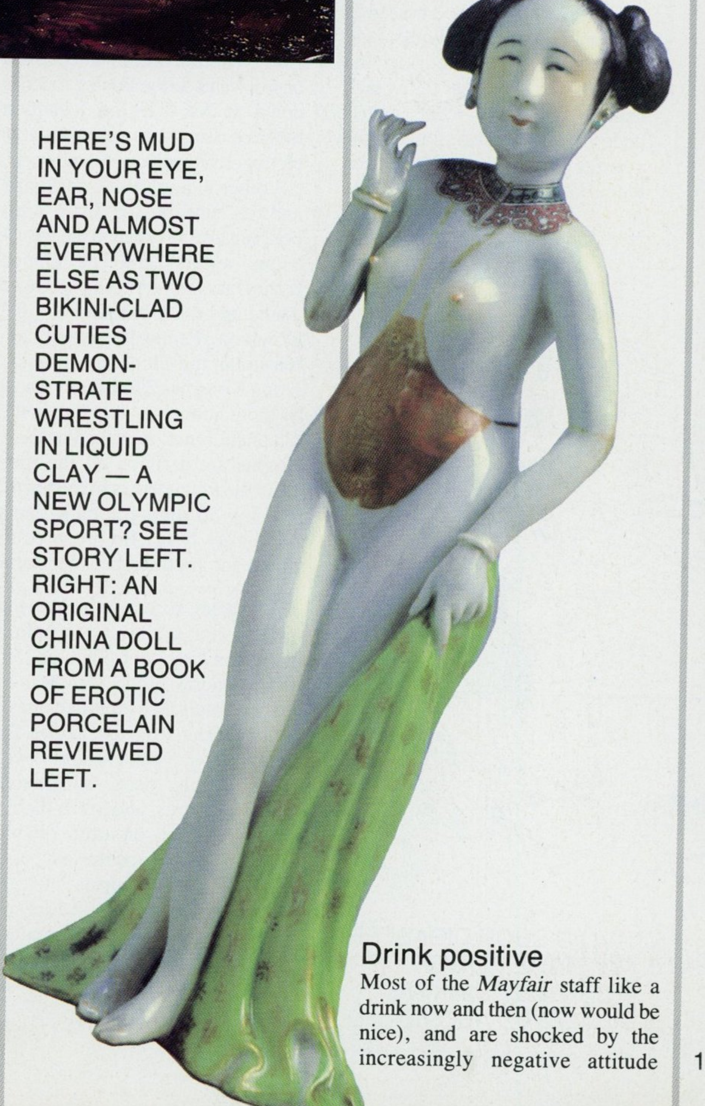
Eating in

So you've finally persuaded her to come back to your place. The bait you've used is the well known one of a meal and a few drinks and then . . . a cosy evening by the fire. The only snag is that for the past ten years you've lived on a diet of fried food and take aways, scarcely the most impressive way to get into her blouse. You're faced with spending hours at your previously ignored oven trying to concoct some tasty treat, then using your ham-fisted artistic skills to present it in some way other than a greasy heap. Or you can cheat. And one of the best ways we've seen is the range of party trays being sold by the Safeway supermarket chain. There are 12 different trays of cold dishes, all perfectly laid out. They include roast meats, assorted seafoods, cheese and hams, a boardroom sandwich special, salads and even a selection of cheesecakes. Prices range from £7.90 for the salad selection to £21 for the seafood. Not much to pay to impress your girl with your domesticity. Safeway don't guarantee that their trays will have her eating out of your hand, but they certainly beat tin foil cartons of sweet and sour pork balls. Ask your local Safeway Deli manager for details.

Far too rude East

What do the Chinese do when they're not being inscrutable? Make naughty models, that's what. Chinese china isn't all willow patterned, far from it, and in the late Qing period (1800-1920) they turned their attention to rather more 'elotic' subjects, as John Byron reveals in the lavishly illustrated **Portrait of a Chinese Paradise** (published by Quartet books). Most of the figurines pictured are far too rude to be shown here, including couples in the act itself, and men showing all their Eastern promise. China has a long history of erotica, much of it suppressed, so take a closer look at some of the decor in your local restaurant and you might be pleasantly surprised. Better still take a trip to Hong Kong like Ian Marlowe (see Travel), and you might spot some that's crept over the border. Failing that, buy the book, it's £25 to take away.

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, EAR, NOSE AND ALMOST EVERYWHERE ELSE AS TWO BIKINI-CLAD CUTIES DEMONSTRATE WRESTLING IN LIQUID CLAY — A NEW OLYMPIC SPORT? SEE STORY LEFT. RIGHT: AN ORIGINAL CHINA DOLL FROM A BOOK OF EROTIC PORCELAIN REVIEWED LEFT.



Drink positive

Most of the *Mayfair* staff like a drink now and then (now would be nice), and are shocked by the increasingly negative attitude

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

towards it. A few pints at lunchtime these days is labelled 'alcohol abuse', though quite what else one is supposed to do with it is a mystery. Happily there are at least two people on our side. Leslie Cryer and Pete Beard are the authors of **The Power of Positive Drinking** (published by Javelin Books for £2.60 — around two and a half pints of lager). Inside it is everything you need to know about wine, beer and spirits including avoiding hangovers, real ale fanatics and that idiot who always fills your ashtray with crisp packets. It also lists the kind of girls you're likely to find during your elbow exercises. These range from the vamp, a well and high heeled middle aged lady with shoulder pads bigger than an American footballer and a husband permanently 'away on business' to the trendy 'foxy doxy'. These girls may only possess two books (and haven't finished colouring the second), but they wear tight black leather with less white cotton underneath than can be found in the average aspirin bottle. We've seen them both in our Chancery Lane Arm Aerobics Centres (*The Three Tuns* and *Hodgsons* wine bar), and even chatted them up. We're not telling you which one responded, but *The Power of Positive Drinking* could help you be more successful.

AVOID SUCH DISASTERS WITH *THE POWER OF POSITIVE DRINKING*, REVIEWED ABOVE

Hawaii
Beach Bums

SOME BUM DEALS ARE WORTH A SECOND LOOK. WE INCLUDE THIS READER'S CARD TO PROVE THAT HAWAII ISN'T ALL PALM TREES AND TV POLICEMEN

TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

More of a stopover, less of a stay. Hong Kong is a goldfish bowl of six million souls, spilling over at the sides, British until 1997, Asia's financial capital, and the world's third largest money market after London and New York.

I arrive by British Airways, afternoon flight — one stop from Heathrow via Delhi or Bombay — after 14 hours, and advance seven on my watch as the Boeing touches down at Kai Tek on Kowloon between rising skyscraper business blocks on Hong Kong Island itself, the other side of Victoria Sound and its flotillas of little craft bobbing up and down in the industrious waters, and flat topped ferries breezing across between the island and the promontory — the Kowloon Peninsula is an extension of the Chinese mainland.

Hong Kong has 236 islands, most of them habitable. Kai Tak is the Clapham Junction of the Far East. Flights are arriving all the time from the four corners of the Earth, keeping 30 immigration officers constantly busy. Be prepared to queue for anything between forty minutes and an hour

Hong Kong to the jet jaded first time visitor can be rather intimidating looking out from their 25th floor window of the *Mandarin* or *Hilton* hotels. It's built like one of those *Grand Prix* toy games for schoolboys. Under and over passes, ugly neon advertising Japanese wares, and tower blocks scrambling up on each other's backs to get up to the rim and out of the bowl. At the top is Victoria Peak, where the ambassadors and Hong Kong's extremely wealthy live. Even wealthier visitors pay £10,000 a month to rent a house there.

It is imprudent to try and sleep. The clank of hundred-foot high cranes, every night including Sundays, sees to that. Hong Kong is always pulling down an old building to cap the cavity instantly with another imposing skyscraper. And, remember, Chinese shout a lot. 'You want ice?' queried my floor boy, every half hour through my first night of fitful sleep, almost breaking the safety chain on the door to get in.

A ritual 'must' is the trip across the waters of Victoria Bay between Hong Kong and Kowloon on the Star Ferry. Business blocks rise like the Phoenix upon reclaimed land at the water's edge. All sorts of watercraft, from down-at-heel and waterline junks to stately ocean-going liners, cross each other's paths. Passengers on small ferries jump off at the various piers with a practised skill. Their skippers would not dream of wasting time lending a hand or tying up. Hong Kong is 'Fragrant Harbour' in Cantonese. 'Odorous' might be the better word. It can smell when the south east winds blow strong.

Hong Kong encompasses a territory of 1,067 square metres. The smaller islands are much more relaxing, but many visitors don't have enough time on their tight swing-through-the-east schedules to stay for more than a couple of days, so it is usually the £18 'Land Between' tour to Tai Mo Shan, Hong Kong's highest mountain, Luen Wo Market, the bird sanctuary, and Luk Keng, up on the Chinese border. Or the 'Improved' Hong Kong Island Tour with lunch in Stanley Market, including a visit to Victoria Peak by one of the old ricketty trams. The sort which went out for good in Britain in the fifties.

It is a business to do pleasure in Hong Kong. Bargaining is the name of the game, except in the po-faced communist Chinese state shops where goods are all one-priced. A sign of the positioning process Hong Kong is going through in anticipation of 1997. Forget these old travellers tales about getting a hand-made shirt in one day for £5, and a suit for £50. Fifty pound suits have one notable feature. They look like it! Shops in the ground floor arcades of the *Hilton* were asking Harrods prices, £200 for a suit, and made to measure shirts began at 180 Hong Kong dollars, which is £18. Not bad, except that when UK VAT is added your bargain begins to crinkle at the edges. Especially when you pay up front, and orders are not fulfilled by the time you leave, and your buys have to be retrieved at home through the helpful channels of HM Customs & Excise!

Restaurant prices are 20% cheaper than London's, but London's Chinese restaurants are just as good as any in Hong Kong. Connoisseurs of the more lubricious forms of entertainment will still find it in Wanchai, next to the middle of Hong Kong's busy Central District where business and five-star hotels stand shoulder to shoulder. The local tourist people are trying to persuade visitors that the topless girlie bars are now catering solely for Chinese. These charming ladies cater for absolutely everybody, let me tell you.

Hong Kong has a very good duty free shop at Kai Tak which undercuts prices of those at Heathrow to an entirely unsurprising degree.

Further Information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 125, Pall Mall, London SW1.

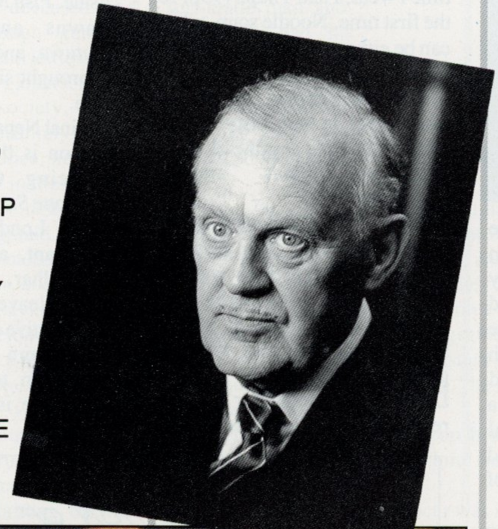
British Airways Super Apex (lowest) fare; £618 return.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

In World War Two Kenya a group of white settlers — three men and two women — relax during a party, watching a third woman, dark, youthful and voluptuous, take a bath in front of them. Their leader, a philandering local army officer Josslyn Hay, 22nd Earl of Erroll (Charles Dance) debates which of the men will have the pleasure of the bather's company that night. Amid laughter, no one can quite summon the enthusiasm. 'Oh dear,' the dark woman pouts, rising, damply naked, to her feet, 'doesn't *anyone* want to fuck me?' All are plainly up to **White Mischief** (18), a tale based on true events among the colonial elite of wartime Kenya's 'Happy Valley', where high living was the rule, drug-taking common and adultery virtually compulsory. But all comes under threat when wealthy 57-year-old 'Jock' Delves Broughton (Joss Ackland) brings a new bride back to Africa, attractive 27-year-old Diana (Greta Scacchi). Soon Erroll is making a play (understandably, since he has had every other attractive woman in the colony), and Diana finally succumbs by dropping her swimming costume top for him during an afternoon dip. Their affair, conducted so openly it even scandalises 'Happy Valley', only ends when Erroll is found shot dead one morning. Broughton is put on trial for murder, and acquitted. But the story is not yet over. A stylish and subtly shocking story of decadence in a kind of paradise, with the frequently topless Ms Scacchi looking more gorgeous than ever, and the best line going to Sarah Miles as a drug-taking ex-mistress of Erroll, remarking over a sparkling tropical dawn: 'Not *another* fucking beautiful day!'

'Are these the breasts of a 44-year-old woman?' demands a former centrefold of *Bait* magazine, pulling open the top of her swimming costume. The fact that the audience does not share the view granted to an open-mouthed Detective Sergeant Joe Friday (Dan Aykroyd) is indicative that **Dragnet** (PG) never quite fulfills its promise. The promise *is* that a spoof of the classic TV police series of the 1950s, **Dragnet**, starring top comic actors Dan *(Trading Places)* Aykroyd and Tom *(Splash)* Hanks should be hilarious. In fact this story of humourless, disciplinarian, virginal Friday ('Just give me the facts, ma'am') being saddled with a sloppy, randy, freewheeling partner (Hanks) in pursuit of a gang of moralistic maniacs never really gells — sadly, in view of the obvious talent at work. Strictly for late-night viewing, or Aykroyd and Hanks fanatics.



GRETA SCACCHI AND CHARLES DANCE GET UP TO *WHITE MISCHIEF* WHILE HUBBY JOSS ACKLAND GLOWERS. A RECIPE FOR MURDER? SEE REVIEW.

Eighty years, and a whole civilization away, a three-year-old boy named Pu Yi is taken one night from his mother and transported to the Forbidden City, a complex of ancient and luxurious palaces at the centre of Peking. There he is crowned 'Lord of Ten Thousand Years, the Son of Heaven' and **The Last Emperor** (PG), of imperial China. He becomes the world's most pampered prisoner, allowed any and every indulgence, except the freedom to leave the City and its population of eunuchs and consorts. Deposed at six, he is 18, with two wives, before he is finally ejected, becoming in turn a playboy, then a puppet emperor of the invading Japanese. Finally, after ten years further imprisonment and re-education by Mao Tse Tung's victorious communist forces, he emerges, in 1960, as the one thing he has always wanted to be an ordinary man, working as a gardener in the Peking Botanical Gardens.

REMEMBER KIRSTEN HUGHES, THAT TERRIBLY EFFICIENT STEWARDESS IN THE BRITISH AIRWAYS TV ADS? NOW SHE'S JANE, LATE OF THE DAILY MIRROR, PINNING JUNGLE JACK (SAM JONES) TO THE FLOOR IN *JANE AND THE LOST CITY*, DUE AT YOUR LOCAL CINEMA LATER THIS YEAR. IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NICER BLONDE.

The bizarre but factual story of Pu Yi forms the basis of this sweeping epic, the first western film to be made on location in the Forbidden City, now the main Peking tourist attraction. Ravishing to look at, the strangeness and the spectacle tend to swamp the rather colourless character of the hero (John Lone). The human involvement belongs to his irascible Scottish tutor, Reginald Johnston (Peter O'Toole), and the Prison Governor (Ying Ruocheng — improbably, Chin's Deputy Minister of Culture) who persuades him to see the error of his imperial ways.

China, too, forms the background to Steven Spielberg's **Empire of the Sun** (15). Separated from his British expatriate parents in World War Two Shanghai, when the Japanese invade, 11-year-old schoolboy Jim Graham (Christian Bale) learns to survive first in the hastily abandoned mansions of the local British residents, then as the 'gopher' of an American arch-scrounger (John Malkovich) in an internment camp for westerners. Constantly threatened with starvation and torture, he still hero-worships the Japanese, saluting the Kamikaze pilots who fly from the neighbouring air field, his faith

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

only shaken by the eventual appearance of superior American Mustangs — 'the Cadillacs of the skies' — who bomb the air field to oblivion.

A touching and impressive version of J G Ballard's celebrated novel, with mercifully few sentimental touches to soften the bleakness of the original.

EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

It really is time Nepalese cuisine was separated in our minds from that of India. 'Indian' usually means the hot, fiery herbs and spices of North India from the Punjab and Bangla Desh. South India points to fish and vegetarianism, but Nepal is a country apart; a tiny royal kingdom on the roof of the world with its own distinctive methods of cooking.

Nepalese cuisine is a cross between the Indo-Chinese of Tibet, where sauces are preferred to spices, and the heavily spiced curries of North India. Nothing is purchased ready made. Massala, Zeera, Jaifal, Methi Patta, Ajwine, and Green Allachi are bought in their natural state and ground on the premises in a Nepalese restaurant. Another facet is the combination of high spicing with mild currying, evident in *Nepalese Chicken Massala* and *Meat Kalia* (both £3.10) at Amrit Raj Thapa's **Wembley Tandoori** at *133 Wembley Park Drive, London NW2 (01-902 2391)*, a fairly new, cosy, redbricked restaurant with plum coloured banquetting along both walls. I tried the native *Hasina* (£3.90) the very first time I went there. A big, first course, of sizzling lamb pieces cooked in a blackened *karahi*, or wok.

My Nepalese discovery of 1987 was *Chaola*, hot or cold roasted lamb segments, with ginger and garlic. Absolutely superb! That was on the menu at Devendra Manandhar's **Sagarmatha** *339 Euston Road, London NW1 (01-387 6531)*, 'Head Of The Sky' — Mount Everest, of course.

The Nepalese are a very proud people; proud of their Hindu kingdom in the clouds between Tibet and India; proud of their British traditions, their Gurkhas, and their own royal family.

The joy of the **Sagarmatha** is that there are always new Nepalese nibble on the menu because it changes so frequently. The last time I went, I had *Thupa* (95p) for the first time. Noodle soup, which can be either met or vegetarian. It is extremely pure, and the mixture of noodles, peppers, onions and cauliflower is very tasty indeed. *Momo* (£1.25), minced meat dumplings, was another newcomer.

Typical of the Nepalese way with chicken curry is their *Bhutawa* (£2.95), cooked in thick, medium to hot sauce with herbs. The *Bhutuwa Meat* (mutton) has the same garnishing, plus shredded ginger.

Devendra Manandhar's other restaurant is **Gurkhas** at *23, Warren St, London W1 (01-387 2607)*. There are pictures on the walls of these fine troops marching, and photographs of the Nepal royal family taken during our Queen's visit last year.

I have not mentioned full lists of curries since I do not wish to confuse the reader too much with North India cuisine. They are all on any Nepalese menu, but their preparation is very different, due to their fresh, ground spices and herbs, and going easy on the saucing.

Gurkhas offers *Thupa, Chaola*, and *Bhutuwa Chicken* and *Meat*, but also *Karang Shekuwa* (£2.95) marinated lamb chops in massala, and *Kulcha* (95p), native tandooried bread, stuffed with mashed egg and potato.

Nepalese food introduces a far higher quantity and variety of fish and prawn dishes than North India cusine. *Fish Mashla* (£3.25), King Prawns and King Prawns *Bhutuwa*, and Prawns *Karahi* are all brought sizzling in the wok to table.

My final Nepal recommendation in London is the **Natraj**, meaning 'Dancing Goddess' at *93, Charlotte St, London W1 (01-637 0050)*. London's first Nepalese restaurant, according to Ishwar Manandhar, the owner. These days he leaves the running of it to his attractive daughter, Sabita, and that name has its English translation, too: 'Early Dawn'.

Here, one is reminded that this cusine is distincly further to the east than North India's. Bamboo shoots begin to sprout and there are dishes or origination such as *Gurkhali Soup, Alus* (potato), *Archar* (cold) and *Tama* — those bamboo shoots. 'Indian people cannot do them,' Mr Manandhar told me. 'They are not used to it. And although we *do* keep pickles, our food does not require them to be added.'

Mr Manandhar, who had just returned from making his weekly broadcast to Nepal on the BBC's External Services, was obviously in an advising mood as I tucked into a first-class *Nepalese Chicken Korma* (£3), with a side dish of *Alu Archar* (£1.25), a Nepali cold salad with potato, cucumber, peas and green chillies. 'Ginger helps get rid of cold, garlic is good for the chest, and cloves combat flu,' he murmured.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were visited. Please feel free to check by telephone if you wish.

GAMES

David Jones

So popular was our first 'Fascination of Chess' problem, and so appealing was its unique three-dimensional view of the game, we now present a second brain teaser. You won't need a Grand Master's skill — just a reasonable schoolboy standard.

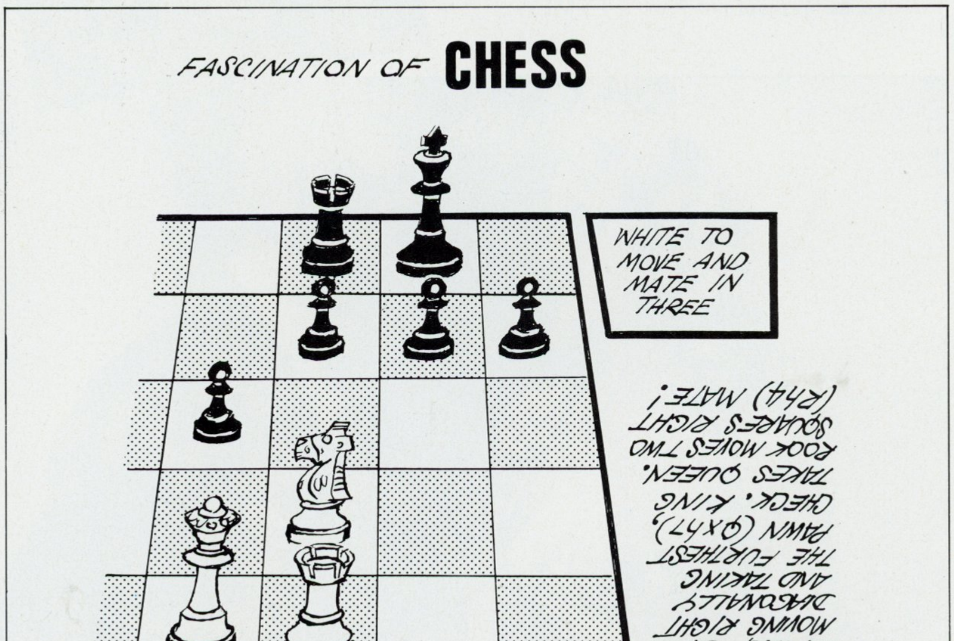

FASCINATION OF CHESS
WHITE TO MOVE AND MATE IN THREE
THE KING'S WELL FENCED IN.
YEAH! THAT'S HIS MAIN TROUBLE.
KNIGHT MOVES UP TWO ROWS, HOPPING OVER THE FORWARD PAWN (Ne7) CHECK, AND KING GOES TO THE CORNER. QUEEN SACRIFICES HERSELF BY MOVING RIGHT DIAGONALLY AND TAKING THE FURTHEST PAWN (Qxh7), CHECK. KING TAKES QUEEN. ROOK MOVES TWO SQUARES RIGHT (Rh4) MATE!

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DAVIES

NEW
EROTIGREN
TOOTHPASTE

She might well be superb at curing the pain of toothache, but the curves that moulded her white dentist's tunic suggested an even greater talent for pleasure

A Lady in practice

Fiction by Sam White

'Bite please,' she said, and studied my teeth as I clicked my jaw together, 'Mmmm.' The sound murmured in her throat, a couple of inches up from where her blistering white tunic was buttoned round her neck. She selected another instrument from the marble tray and, as she bent toward me to fuss about with her handiwork, her scent swamped the smell of antiseptic. I closed my eyes and tried to forget she'd caused me so much pain.

It had been agony. Women dentists as lush as her should be barred from practice. A puma in pussy's clothing, she went to work after numbing my gum with novacaine, promising, 'This won't hurt'. The puma leapt out, claws bared.

I'd phoned the surgery the day before, complaining of aching ivories, and been told my my regular molar man, Ferguson, was caught in a three day conference on cavities.

'We could fit you in with our locum — if you could make 8.30 am tomorrow?' The receptionist had suggested I dulled the pain with a swab soaked in clove oil or brandy. I'd chosen brandy, and, being fresh out of swabs, soaked my whole body in a bottle of Armagnac.

I was like finger nails on glass in the waiting room, and, when this tanned effigy in white with thrusting tits swanned in with a fuck-me smile to light the loins, I thought at last old Fergie's got a nurse to take the throb out of the gnashers and put it back where it belonged — in the balls.

'Hello Mr Hunter. Now let's see if we can sort our your problem.'

'I'm sure if you hold my hand you can,' I said, and wondered why the look I got was frosty.

I followed her squeaky steps into the surgery, and was a little surprised to find Fergie's regular nurse Emily, a stout masochistic matron, who revelled in wielding the water jet around patient's exposed nerves. She grinned, sat me down on the space craft couch, and bibbed me, while the effigy fussed at the sink. She turned as she dried her hands.

'Now, Mr Hunter —'

'You're the locum?'

'Certainly. I'm Nicole Powers,' she said, and fiddled with the hydraulics of the couch so that I sighed gently backwards.

'Beam me up, Scotty,' I said, and winced as she settled her pretty butt on the side stool, hit the spotlight and bent toward my face.

'I'm sorry?'

'It's an in-joke.'

'Ho ho,' she said pursing her professional lips. 'Now where does it hurt?'

'All over,' I said, and opened my mouth wide. She poked about with her probe and scraped industriously at the stuff toothpaste claims to destroy.

'I see you're a wine connoisseur,' she said,

A Lady in practice

straightened, and fixed me with a wry stare. 'You've found a grape pip?'

'Beaujolais stains,' she said. 'On your bicuspids,'

'Can you tell the vintage?'

'Open wide Mr Hunter, please,' she ordered, and stuck me with the hyperdermic.

Emily smirked as the dentist waited for the anaesthetic to take effect. Finishing the preliminary spade work, she went beserk with the shrieking drill. After an eternity she paused to inspect the cavity.

'Have you seen *Marathon Man*?' I mumbled.

'Come, come Mr Hunter, don't be soft,' she said, and pinned me to the couch with the drill.

'There,' she said, and straightened from the stench of burning tooth. 'Have a rinse.'

I dribbled unsuccessfully through paralysed lips.

'Find any oil down there?' I mumbled, and Nicole glared with her frappé eyes.

'It's a tiny filling, Mr Hunter.'

'And I'm the king of Nepal,' I said, as I tongued the crater.

She coughed critically, and busied herself mixing the amalgam.

It wasn't justice. She slipping cool fingers and bits of metal into my mouth, stroking my cheek with her perfumed breath and switching her legs every now and again with a rasp of silk. It was agony and ecstasy. I didn't know what to feel.

The operation over, I lay supine as she tidied her tools and then pressed the pedal to winch me into sitting position.

'Don't chew on that side for a few hours,' she said.

'I'll order something I can eat with a straw.'

'You've got good teeth, you should look after them.'

'I'll watch what I put in my mouth.'

She ignored my line, and picked up a toothbrush and a plaster cast of a disembodied jaw to demonstrate how I should clean my teeth.

'So that's how you do it.'

'Twice a day and you'll never have to put your smile in a glass at night.'

'I'm going right out to buy myself a new Oral B and a tube of Macleans.'

By lunchtime the effect of the anaesthetic was wearing off and I'd managed to consume a cup of coffee without holding my lips together.

'Fucking amateur!' I said as I realised I was still afflicted with toothache. I belled through to the surgery. After a pause Nicole was on the line.

'Mr Hunter, I don't know what to say.'

'Allow me to make a suggesion. Maybe you drilled the wrong molar, Miss Powers.'

'I've never done that before in my life.' she said indignantly.

'It's no ordinary pain.'

'You'd better come back at five. I'm booked with bridge work until them.'

'Make sure you don't jump off it.'

'Chew on a clove, Mr Hunter.'

I slammed down the phone and damned dentistry.

She led me back into the surgery and sat me back on the couch. 'You wouldn't be swinging the lead?'

'I'm hurting,' I said.

'It's a mystery,' she said, and twiddled her mirror. 'Everything is present and correct. The only thing I can suggest is an X-ray.'

'As long as it won't make me sterile.'

'Heaven forbid. Where do you get these ideas?'

'I read a lot of graffiti.'

Nicole watched me as if she'd bitten on lemon. 'I bet you do.'

While we waited for developments, I tried a little probing of my own, and found Nicole had heard the dentist's calling at an early age.

'Ever since I can remember I've been fascinated by teeth. A smile is so important.'

'And yours I may say is an advert for successful oral hygiene.'

She shot me a dirty look, 'Are you sure its toothache?'

'I've never been a malingerer.'

'Only a philanderer.'

'Ever since I can remember.'

'I could cause you a lot of pain.'

'You already have.'

She assumed her professional mode and disappeared to fetch the X-rays. When she returned, she showed me the result.

'See, Mr Hunter, there's nothing. You haven't a care in the world.'

'It's a mystery,' I said, as I studied the squares of negative film .

'It might be psychosomatic. Are you under stress?'

'Maybe a little preoccupied,' I said, and met her eyes.

'You should try not to worry.' She was caught between professional and real concern.

'One question, though,' I said. 'What's a mouth like mine got to do to take out a mouth like yours?'

'I knew it! You are faking!'

'Is that a yes or a no?'

'It's a yes, with reservation. If I catch you crunching ice cubes I'm going straight home.'

My teeth jangled at the thought.

Nicole out of white made my jaw drop. She was some sunny woman striding along beside me with the breeze furrowing her hair, and pressing the material of her dress against her breasts. If it hadn't have been for the nagging ache in my mouth, I'd have enjoyed it more.

In the bar she seemed guilty about the whole affair and as I swilled another mouthful of five star she said, 'If it doesn't stop by tomorrow you'd better come in again. Have you got any oil of clove?'

'I'm fresh out.'

'And there's nobody at home to look after you?'

'My friends call me monastic. What about you?'

'My ex recently exited. Anyway, he had far too many fillings and a bent incisor.'

'I suppose it made him limp.'

Nicolle laughed but a sudden flair of pain made me grimace. She leaned forward and I caught the flash of cleavage. It made the pain worse.

'Look,' she said, 'let me take you back to my place. I can lend you some oil of clove.'

'You're the dentist,' I said.

Her house gave me the shivers. It was very high tech, except in the living room, sited on the polished pine floor, was an old style dentist's chair. All deep tanned leather, and complete with blue soda light, and circular swivel tray, and the gantry for an antique driven drill. Then, lining one wall, was Nicole's collection of teeth.

'Jesus, Nicole, what are these? One pulled from the jaw of each lover?'

'Sure,' said Nicole, and picked a vicious curved one. 'This one's from a Count I knew.'

'This one,' I said, hefting a massive specimen in my hands, 'must have been a big guy.'

'It's my mammoth's tooth.'

'I'm impressed,' I said. 'And the chair, that's for DIY dentistry?'

'It's my Dad's. He was in the trade. Take a seat and I'll fetch the clove.'

She disappeared and returned holding a small vial and cotton buds.

'Open wide,' she said, and I felt the press of her body against my thigh. Now that hadn't happened in the surgery!

The piquant smell of clove rushed into my nose and, then, as she touched a tooth, the glow spread to the root.

'Aahh,' I said. 'I'm in clover.'

She stayed pressed against me. 'You know,' she said. 'When you came into the surgery, I thought you were an arsehole.'

'First impressions can be deceptive.'

'But, once I saw your teeth, I guessed you'd be rather sweet.'

'It was that obvious?'

She lowered her head level with mine and narrowed her eyes. 'How's the pain?'

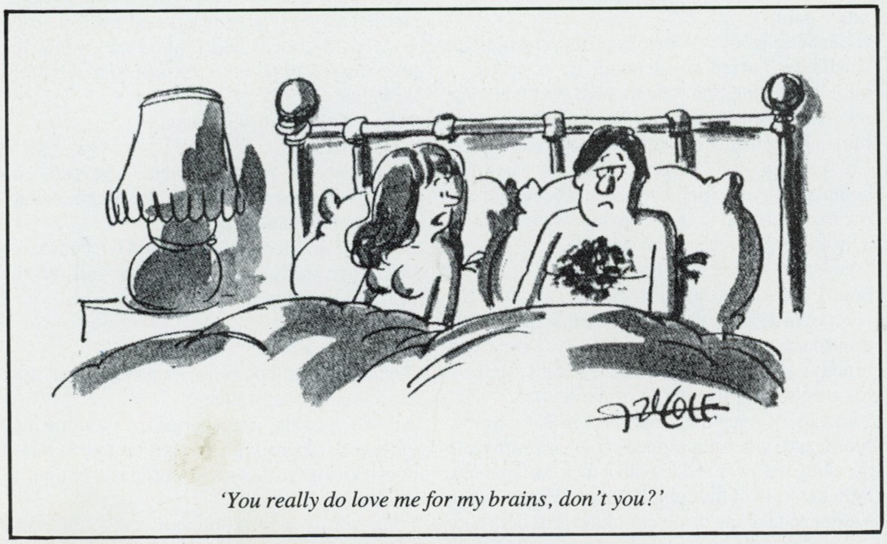
'Getting lower,' I said, as I felt a familiar swelling in my trousers.

She nipped my lower lip with teeth, and then slipped her tongue across the gap into my spiced mouth. As we kissed, she slid into my lap and encircled my neck with her arms.

'Is this on the National Health?'

'You're my first private patient,' she said, and

turn to page 104



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continued from page 22

squirmed on my stiff cock. 'So that's where you store your probe.'

'And what's stored under here?'

She didn't resist as I slipped the buttons on her dress, and pushed aside the material. Underneath she wore a sheer, lycra leotard and silk stockings, garthered to the thigh. She twisted and moaned encouragement as my fingers skidded on the weave.

'Some body you've got packed in here,' I said, and caressed the swell of her breasts, homing in on the bump of her nipple.

'It's yours for the asking,' she growled, and ground her head against mine, with her tongue flicking and writhing around my own.

She helped me remove her dress, and then I dragged down each shoulder strap of her leotard to peel the material to her waist. Her breasts jiggled free, and Nicole snatched at the buttons of my shirt. The ache in my jaw had disappeared, and, as I skated my hand toward the ripe moistening mound of her pubis, I felt Nicole's excitement rise.

The leotard crutch was clutching her, I could feel it steaming beneath my fingers, and, with my old fella hollering 'let me out', I managed to wriggle from under her body. Nicole understood. She gripped the arms of the chair, and knelt with her bum offered in the air and her head pressed into the warm leather of the seat.

I rolled her leotard the rest of the way down her legs, and pulled it free of her knees.

'Surprise me, surprise me,' she whispered, as, with one hand, I explored under the cleft of her bum into the tangle of her pubes. With my other hand I undid my fly and dragged out my throbbing friend.

'You dog,' she groaned, as I nuzzled the tip between the tops of her thighs.

'You bitch,' I said, and she twisted her head to leer back at me as I eased into her, inch upon inch.

I was buried to the balls, my knees between Nicole's and my hands sliding up her stockinged thighs to her waist. She began to rock, I began to roll, and enjoy the vision of my turgid muscle, shafting in and out of the yearning lips of her sex.

Our sweat and juices oiled us and, increasing my pace of pumping, I slapped against the back of her thighs, while she uttered a series of gutteral satsified grunts, before bucking and broncoing.

I had to hold on, shifting forward, I had my head over her shoulder, my left hand gripping the squashed globe of her breast and my right hand fingering her marauded opening.

She slumped limp beneath me. Spent lust sheened her skin, and she was panting, closed-eyed and hoarse, while I still moved in her.

I paused at the brink of ejaculation, and eased out. Nicole turned about and flopped, splay-thighed against the chair. She smiled with satisfaction, and eyed my twitching stiffness.

'He's a beastie,' she said, and drifted across her fingers to pull gently on the helmet.

'And bursting,' I said.

'How's the toothache?'

'Amazing stuff that clove.'

'It's the perfect remedy,' she said, and licked her bruised lips, as she slid her fingers around my buttocks and moved me closer.

'Nicole?'

'Mmm?'

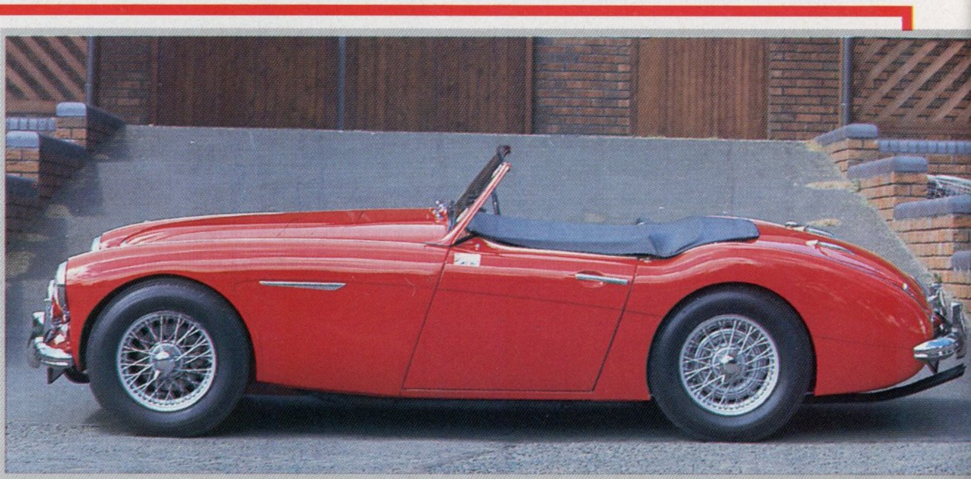
'Open wide.'

She smiled, kissed my tip and wrapped her lips around it.

NAC 430F

Motoring with
William Boddy

Photographed by
Andrew Morland



The Austin-Healey 100 was a joint effort between Donald Healey and Austin Motors. It was a partnership that was to prove sensationally successful...

AUSTIN-HEALEY

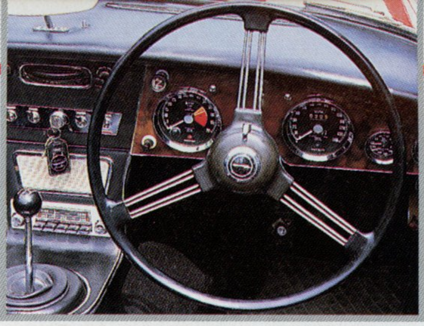
Britain's double~barrelled record breaker

Three pictures left: A superb example of the fixed-head 3000S MkIII Austin Healey. Two pictures above: When first introduced in 1956, the 2.6 litre six cylinder type BN4, or 100/6, produced 102bhp at 4,600rpm.

To understand the important place the Austin-Healey had in the motoring world from the early 1950's until about a couple of decades back, it is necessary to know about sports cars. Those who have owned, driven, and loved 'em know what a sports car is. They are difficult to describe to those who have never come under their spell.

The breed was weaned almost from the day when the horseless-carriage emerged from being just that to become a practical means of transport, if not yet 100 per cent reliable, and not particularly quick. It was then that the keener motorists (a period term, now, in the 1980s!) wanted to get along just that much quicker than their fellows, but in cars that were suitable for the road. Not cars that were akin to the fearsome, giant-engined racing machines that had thundered along dusty, unguarded, French highways, until, in 1903, disaster struck. Onlookers, drivers and mechanics were killed, or terribly injured at Bordeaux in the Paris-Madrid race, which was stopped by Government decree, horses towing the racing monsters in disgrace to the railway station.

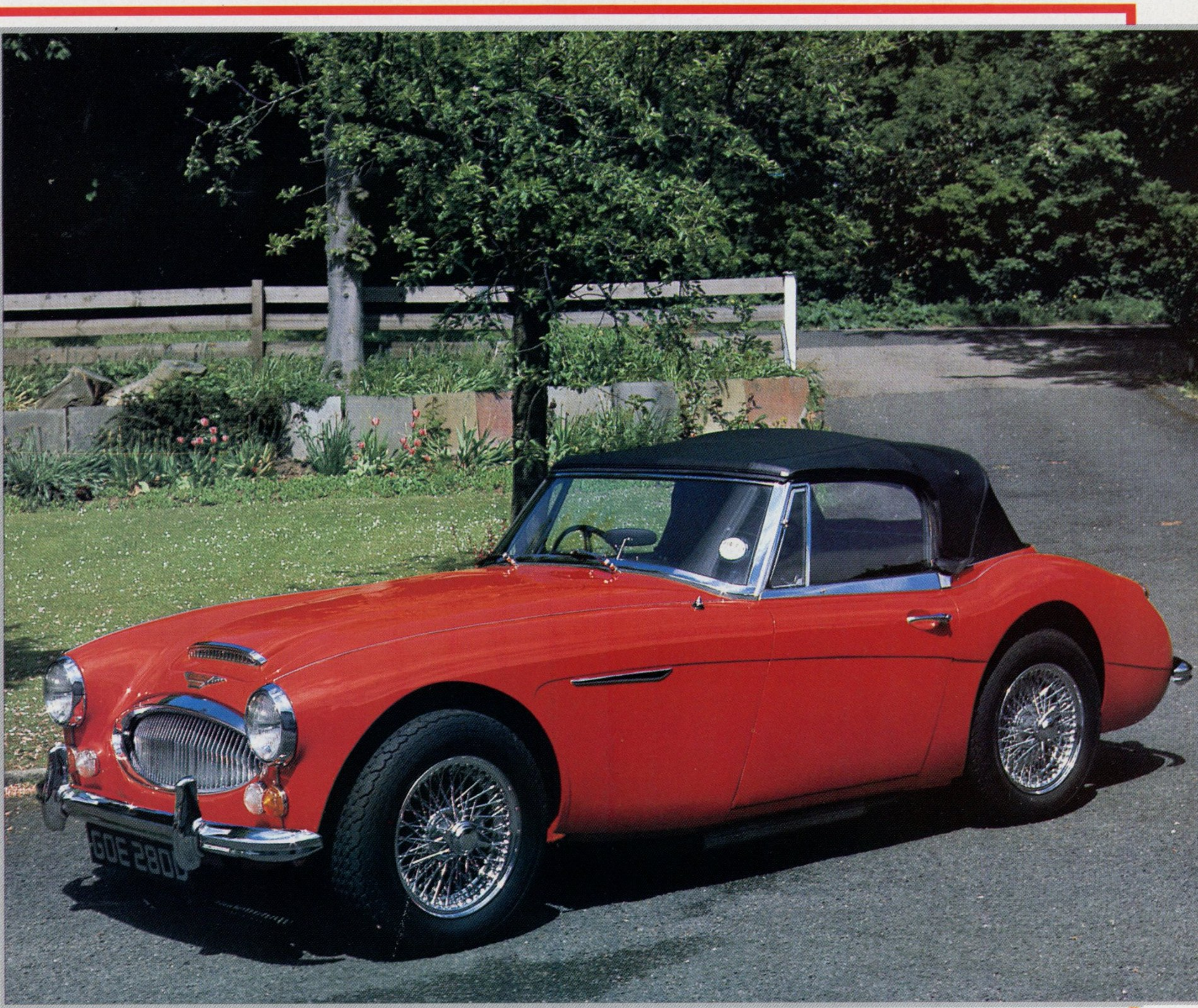
After that, open-road motoring racing was never

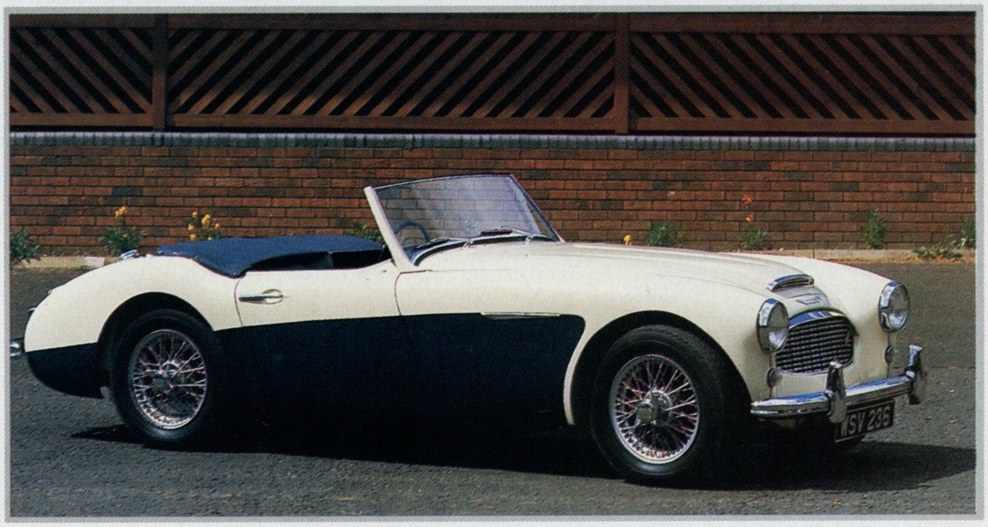


quite the same again, although it was from enthusiasm for such racing that the first sports-cars were born. In those days, the term was hardly used, but the makers of the faster models might permit occasional reference to 'sporting cars', like the original E-type 30/98 Vauxhall, the 'Prince Henry' Austro-Daimlers and Audis, the immense 200hp Benz and over head-camshaft Isotta-Franschini, and the smaller Alfonso 15T Hispano Suiza. They sired the later breed of sports cars which, in the 1920's, were enjoyed by the plus-foured young bloods who could afford them.

The sports car is not necessarily intended to be faster than other cars. Clearly, an Austin Seven or an M-type MG Midget can offer fun, but at a slower ultimate speed than a big multi-litred limousine. The prime reason for the existence of the sports car is that it should be livelier, more eager (an impression aided by an open exhaust) and more agile, than its touring counterparts. It was so between the wars, when Bentley, Vauxhall, Alvis, and others raced, did rallies, trials, and road-frolicked to perfection in that long lost golden age.

The Austin-Healey was among the cars that carried the sports car tradition very effectively into the post-war period. It was the idea of those most enthusiastic drivers and car manufacturers, Donald Healey and his son Geoffrey. Much of the drive to build sports cars immediately after World War Two was attributed to the demand there was for such British fun machines in America. In the land of large, pansy sedans, which were comfortable but soggily sprung, powerful but possessing woolly engines, having high performance but with inadequate brakes, the nippy, openable, agile, British sports car sold in large numbers. At a time when you had to





Clockwise from above: A 1966 MkIII version. The celebrated 3000, nick-named the Big Healey, was a brute-force sports machine. A two-tone 100/6 two-plus-two seater, powered by a six cylinder, 2,639cc engine taken from the Austin 90 Westminster saloon. An Austin Healey MkIII model — a 122mph road-burner, hitting 60 in under 10 seconds and top speed in another 15. A 1966 3000 MkIII in profile. A 1966 Austin Healey 3000's interior. An interior shot of the 3000 MkIII showing its fine polished wood dashboard.

Clockwise from below: A 1954 100/4 model with drop windscreen. The same model photographed from behind. A type 100/4 version with fine attention to the upholstery. The same model photographed from behind.

export to get steel supplies, no wonder the more ambitious or adventurous industrialists here looked to sell sports cars to the USA.

Donald Healey had made a very effective Healey sports two-seater powered with the then current 2½-litre four-cylinder Riley engine. It was raced as the Healey Silverstone, but it was a bit pricey to produce. Healey saw that something less expensive would be an even better bet. If he could convince the, then, great Austin Motor Company at Longbridge, Birmingham that it should make such a motor car, the Cornishman would be home and dry, financially. Fortunately for him, Leonard Lord, who controlled the Austin Empire liked the ploy.

Thus was born the first Austin-Healey 100, in time for the 1952 London Earls Court Motor Show. Don had intended a small output, using Austin parts but with bodies supplied to him by Tickford's at Newport Pagnall (in recent times associated with the Aston Martin, so recently acquired by Ford). Not so. Sir Leonard Lord, as he was to become, liked Healey's motor so much that he decreed it should be assembled in his Austin Motors factory at Longbridge, on a Thompson Pressings chassis frame, with a two-seater body shell supplied after assembly by Jensen's of Wolverhampton. That was how this very British, typical sports car was born. It was a fast, handsome, car, guaranteed to delight the boys and their ladyfriends.

By employing Austin components and the power unit and suspension parts from a 2.6-litre A90 Austin saloon, the costs were minimised, even if performance was stifled somewhat because the gearbox was also from a A90, with first gear blanked off. This gave only three

AUSTIN-HEALEY

Britain's double-barrelled record breaker

forward speeds, although all gears possessed synchro-mesh engagement, and there was an over-drive for effortless cruising. Even so, the top speed of this BN1 version of the A-H 100 exceeded 100mph and this sleek 2,100lb car, for which drum brakes sufficed, went to 60mph from a standstill in 10.3 seconds — impressive in the 1950s. Sales commenced in the spring of 1953 and the Healey brainchild, as cobbled up by Len Lord, sold more than 10,000 (and sales were less easy to get, then) before a four-speed model, the type-BN2, was introduced at the end of 1955.

The new job had the four-speed A90 gearbox and a stronger rear axle from the latest A90 Austin. That was the way to churn out acceptable sports cars, and they loved 'em in North America.

Moreover, Austin-Healeys were run in rallies, which brought them more fame, and enabled the ordinary customer to have a 100M four-speed A-H, with a 110bhp engine, and with handling and road-clinging improved by a front anti-roll bar.

Do you remember these 100M Healeys with a bonnet strap for the engine cover, and a two-tone paint scheme? These were modified in Healey's Warwick factory, eventually numbering 1,159.

The scheme was too lucrative to drop, and in the summer of 1956 Austin-Healey fans had the new type-BN4, or 100-6, to drool over. If it seemed that the enthusiasts' dream was being heard, to Austin it was simply a case of needing to use the six-cylinder 79.4 x 88.9mm (2,639cc) power-pack, introduced for the Austin 90 Westminster saloon. If it seemed this new Big Healey was the answer to many a sports car enthusiast's prayer, it had cost Longbridge a lot of engineering expertise to produce it. True, the longer engine had been shoe-horned into much the same engine space as the 100/4's, but to have two plus two seating the body and the chassis pan had to be lengthened by two inches.

In fact, it didn't really work out. As so often occurs, engine poke hadn't kept pace with an upward weight trend, and, as this 100/6 was to be made at the MG factory in Abingdon-on-Thames, alongside the well-established MG-A and the cheeky little A-H Sprite, delays were inevitable. However, the power deficit was rectified with a six-port cylinder head that upped the power output to 117bhp at 4,750rpm, and there was both the 1957 two plus two and, in 1958, a revived two-seater model. The customers who motored behind the six-cylinder engine could wind their cars up to some 111mph, and about a second was lopped off the 0-60mph acceleration time. Yet the Austin-Healey remained an economical way of having fun and fresh air. Even this 2.6-litre Six gave around 23mpg, and the 100/4 used to return at least 25mpg of petrol.

Better was still to come. For in 1959 the three-litre type BN7/BT7 Austin-Healey Six made its sensational debut. BN indicated the two-seater, BT the two plus two-seater version. The mechanical features were as before, but the new power-pack was a 2,912cc engine of 83.34 x 88.9mm bore and stroke, which developed a smooth 124bhp at the modest crankshaft speed of 4,600rpm, and a maximum torque of 162lb ft at only 2,700rpm. Top speed was up to 114mph, but, more importantly, once the big engine got in its stride, the Big Healey would devour a standing-start quarter mile in rather less time than the smaller-engined, lighter models.

This Big Healey became a formidable competition car, especially when, in its final form, it was endowed with a light-alloy head and triple Weber twin-choke carburettors, pushing the power up to over 200bhp. It was always a big, rugged not over-refined motor car, which some found a brute to drive. It suffered from scuttle shake, not uncommon then, and had little ground clearance, although this was somewhat improved on later cars. Styling was not much changed along the years. Of the Big Healeys, 73,728 were made, 42,925 being 3000s.

What memories these cars evoke — there was always keen rivalry between the Austin-Healey Triumph TR and MG camps, among those who liked sports cars, and who drove them hard, and didn't object to weather protection, which we would regard as crude in these enlightened days.

For those who could not afford the 'proper' Austin-Healey, there was the A-H Sprite, which was really an MG Midget with a badge-engineered name, made appealing by 'frog's-eye' headlamps on the later cars. American exhaust-emission regulations helped to kill off the MkIII Big Healey by 1968, but the Sprite survived for another three years, up to the MkIV, with a 1,275cc engine developing a not-to-be-sneezed-at 65bhp. Happy memories, kept alive now by the Morgan from Malvern and a few 'Replica' sports cars built from modern components.

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The greatest escape

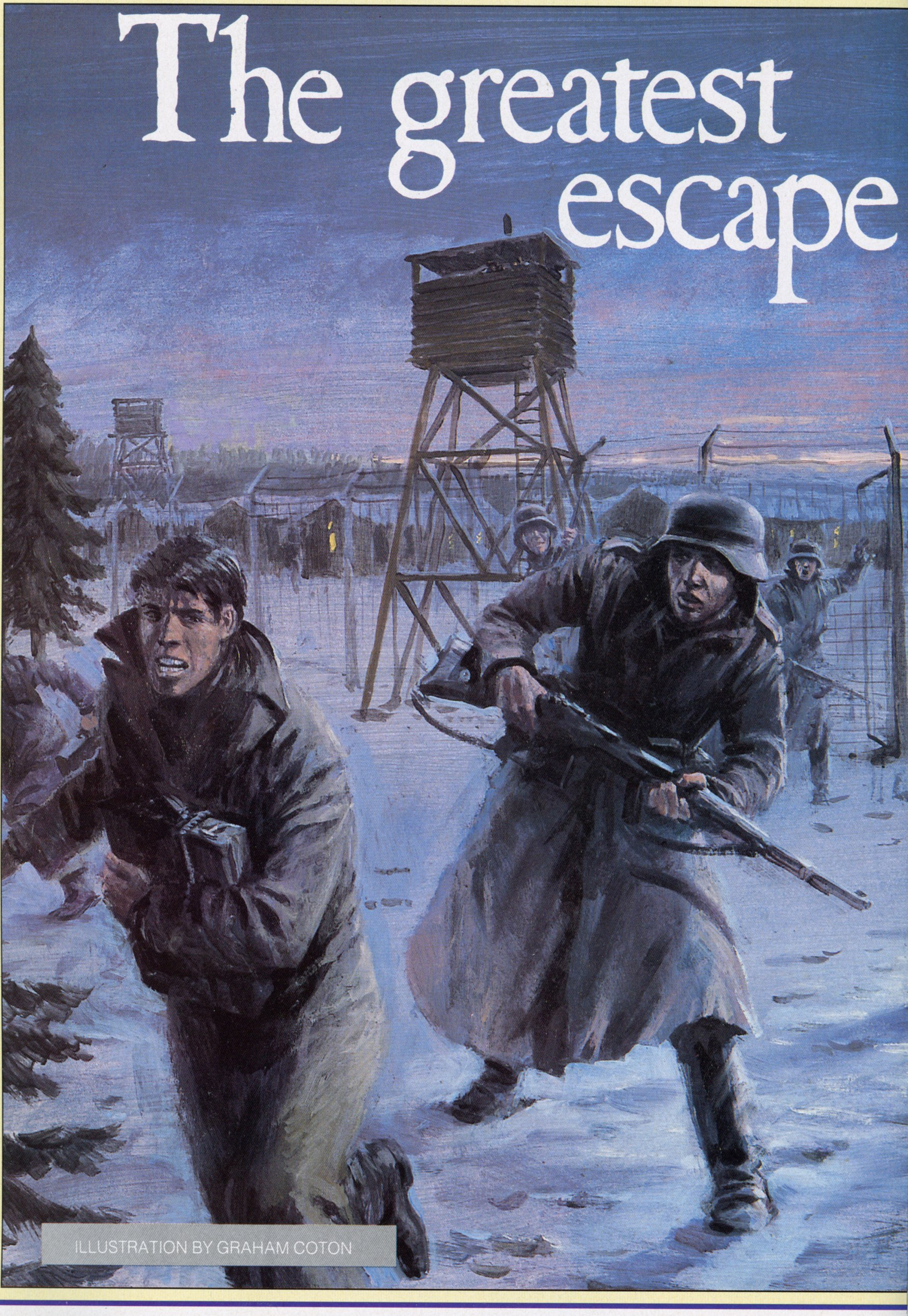


ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM COTON

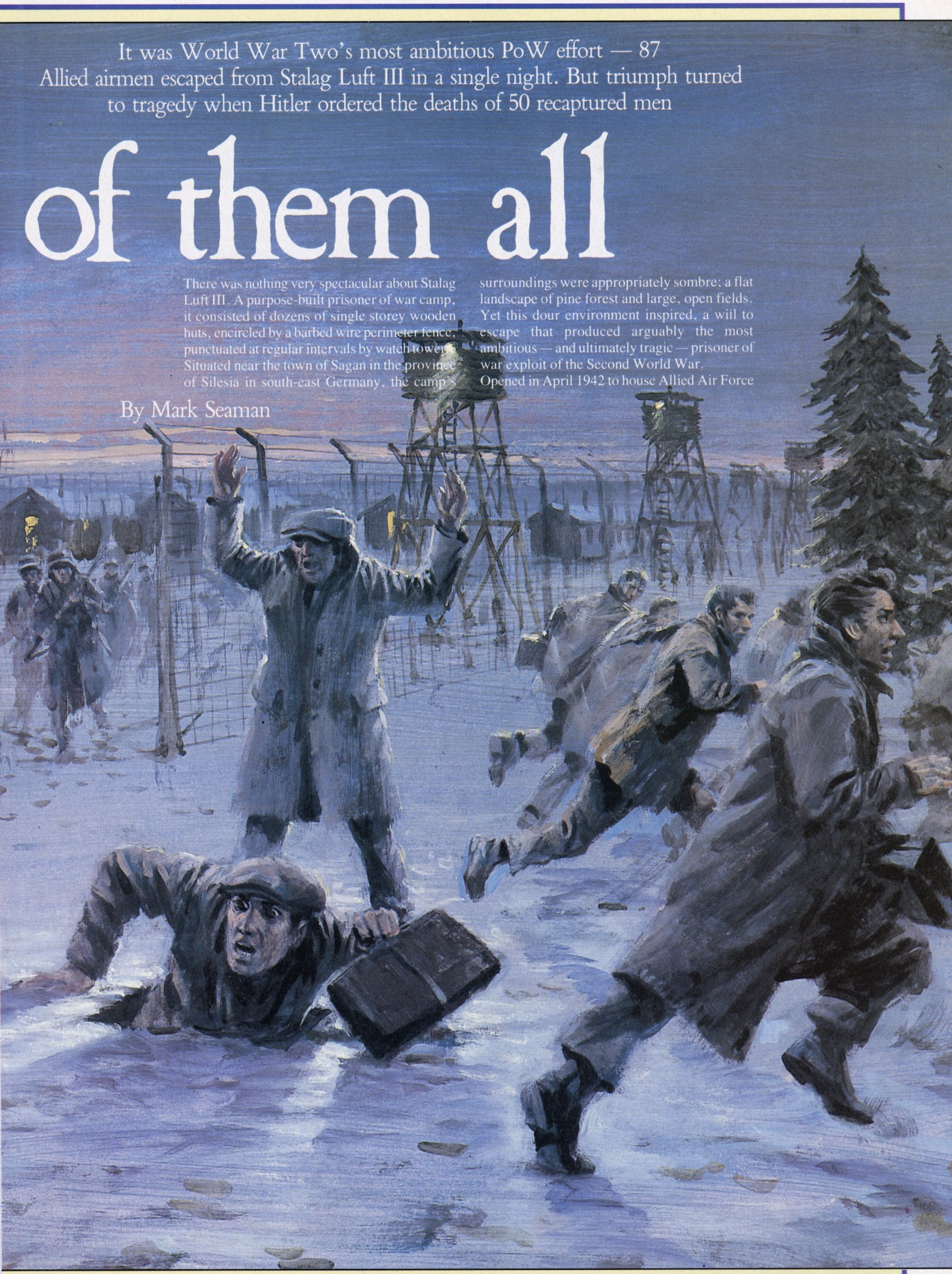
It was World War Two's most ambitious PoW effort — 87 Allied airmen escaped from Stalag Luft III in a single night. But triumph turned to tragedy when Hitler ordered the deaths of 50 recaptured men

# of them all

By Mark Seaman

There was nothing very spectacular about Stalag Luft III. A purpose-built prisoner of war camp, it consisted of dozens of single storey wooden huts, encircled by a barbed wire perimeter fence, punctuated at regular intervals by watch towers. Situated near the town of Sagan in the province of Silesia in south-east Germany, the camp's surroundings were appropriately sombre; a flat landscape of pine forest and large, open fields. Yet this dour environment inspired, a will to escape that produced arguably the most ambitious — and ultimately tragic — prisoner of war exploit of the Second World War.

Opened in April 1942 to house Allied Air Force



prisoners, Stammlager Luft III was soon extremely overcrowded. Large numbers of its inmates were transferred to other camps, whilst the site at Sagan was constantly enlarged to accommodate the flood of aircrew being shot down over Europe. The camp originally consisted of two compounds of some 2,500 inmates, but later swelled to six compounds housing 10,000 officers.

Although not a 'Sonderlager', or special camp for inveterate escapers (such as the notorious Colditz), Stalag Luft III was able to boast some redoubtable prisoners amongst its inmates. Many had been behind the wire for years, had amassed a wealth of experience about life in captivity, and had devised countless methods of escaping from it. A large and efficient organisation was soon developed in Sagan, in which a variety of activities, such as tunnelling, forgery, intelligence, scrounging, security and blackmailing of guards, were practised and perfected.

Although the camp's Senior British Officer, Group Captain Massey, held ultimate authority over all aspects of his 'command', effective control of the Escape Committee or 'X Organisation' lay with Squadron Leader Roger Bushell.

Born in South Africa but educated in England, Bushell was ideally qualified to head the organisation. A natural leader, whose training as a barrister had forged a first-class analytical mind, he was also a natural athelete, spoke fluent German and was quite fearless. Shot down in his Spitfire in May 1940, during a rather unequal contest with five Messerschmitts, Bushell crashlanded in Occupied France and was promptly captured by a German patrol.

For the next two and a half years he waged a constant battle to win his freedom and, on two occasions, came within a hair's breadth of success. In June 1941 he escaped from the Dulag Luft transit camp, wearing a civilian suit that he had bought from a German guard. He encountered no problems in catching trains to the Swiss border, and was literally within yards of safety when he was arrested by the frontier police.

Later that same year he escaped from a train during a transfer of prisoners between Lübeck and Warburg. Accompanied by a Czech officer, he made his way to Prague, where members of the Resistance laid plans to smuggle them through the Balkans to neutral Turkey. But their arrangements were ruined by the massive security clampdown that followed the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich, the most important Nazi in Czechoslovakia. Bushell and his companion were discovered during a house-to-house search, and were handed over to the Gestapo.

Knowing of Bushell's contacts with the Resistance, and suspicious that he might be a member of the British Secret Service, he was taken to Gestapo headquarters in Berlin for detailed interrogation. He was detained for several months before Luftwaffe officers at Stalag Luft III intervened to have him returned to a conventional POW camp. Once he had safely arrived at Sagan, Bushell's saviours cautioned him against making another escape attempt, for there was no doubt that the Gestapo would not give him a second chance. However well-intentioned the Germans' cautionary words, they had little or no effect upon Bushell, who scored an immediate personal triumph upon arrival at Sagan by smuggling in a civilian suit that he had acquired in Prague.

Bushell's unique qualities were recognised by his fellow officers and he was soon appointed 'Big X', the controller of all escape attempts in Stalag Luft III.

Early in 1943 Bushell called a meeting of the Escape Committee, and outlined his plans for a mass breakout. It was common knowledge that the Germans were building an additional compound into which 700 prisoners were to be transferred in the spring. From this new site Bushell proposed that not one, but three tunnels were to be dug simultaneously, with the intention of allowing hundreds of inmates to escape from the camp. Each tunnel was to be several hundred feet in length, and dug to a depth of 30 feet to avoid detection by the Germans' listening devices. He anticipated that in the event of one of them being discovered, its size would lead the Germans to dismiss the idea of any other current efforts. Bushell emphasised that, in order to achieve success, the escape organisation had to reach a standard of performance never previously attained. Security was to be paramount; all mention of the word 'tunnel' was to be strictly forbidden, and the individual codenames 'Tom', 'Dick' and 'Harry' adopted in its place.

Even before the move to the compound began on April 1, 1943, the plan was well advanced. The three tunnels were to be dug from separate huts. 'Tom' was to start in barrack 123, nearest to the west perimeter fence, whilst 'Dick' was to begin in hut 122, nearer to the interior of the camp, but also due to pass under the western wire. 'Harry' was to be the most ambitious undertaking, starting in hut 104 on the northern side of the camp, passing first under a separate compound and then a roadway, before emerging in the woods outside.

There remained the not inconsiderable problem of finding a suitable place in the huts from which to begin the tunnels. Concealed trapdoor entrances were essential, but the barracks were built on raised foundations, allowing easy access for inspection by the guards. Fortunately some parts of the wooden buildings had solid foundations and the planners concentrated their efforts upon these areas. By April 11 the sites had been selected, and a team of Polish RAF officers had begun work on the highly skilled and painstaking task of creating perfectly camouflaged trapdoors. 'Tom's' entrance was to be found in a concrete passageway next to the barrack kitchen, 'Dick's' was hidden in a washroom drain, and 'Harry's' was underneath a free-standing stove. The Poles' meticulous work was all but faultless. The disguised traps were to fool even the most inquisitive of guards (nicknamed 'ferrets' by the prisoners), whilst at the same time being so well designed that the tunnel entrance could be rapidly closed and sealed during an alert.

Once the trapdoors had been completed, the vertical shafts were dug. Two feet square, they were shored with wood taken from a variety of unlikely sources in the camp. They were sunk to a depth of 30 feet and, at the base, three small chambers were excavated; one was to house a workshop, the second, a temporary store for earth prior to its disposal on the surface, and the third was to accommodate the air pump. This piece of essential equipment was basically a hand-operated bellows, made out of wood and modified kit bags. Fresh air was sucked into the tunnel, and circulated by an air pipe made out of empty tin cans, while a reverse process extracted the stale air.

The tunnels were of similar dimensions to the shafts, and were also shored with wood, for the earth was of a very sandy composition and, whilst respectively easy to dig, was prone to cave-ins. In order to increase the speed and efficiency of excavation, a railway trolley system was laid on the tunnel floor. As one man worked at the tunnel face, he pushed the sand past his prone body to an assistant, who lay behind him, facing back towards the shaft. This man installed

turn to page 50

Left: Squadron Leader Roger Bushell, known as 'Big X', controller of all escape attempts at Stalag Luft III. Right: a German guard shows how tunnel soil was disposed of openly in the camp compound.

The greatest escape of them all

continued from page 48

the wooden shoring and loaded the trolley with loose sand. At the shaft, other prisoners worked the air pump, pre-fabricated shoring units and transferred sand from the trolley to kit bags, ready for future dispersal. During daytime the tunnels were illuminated by home-made fat lamps, but members of the scrounging teams managed to borrow or steal enough electric cable and bulbs to provide some basic lighting when the current was switched on at night. In spite of these difficult conditions, progress was good and, by early June 1943, 'Tom' was 60 feet long, and the others were only slightly behind it.

Dispersal of the tunnel's sandy soil remained a constant problem. It was a different colour to the compound's top soil, and therefore had to be disguised. A variety of ruses were worked by the specialist dispersal teams, that included hiding it amongst garden beds, pouring it into lavatory pits and, most ingenious of all, scattering it on the parade ground under the very noses of the guards. This last method consisted of bags of sand, hidden inside prisoners' trousers, which were surreptiously opened and the contents blended into the compound dirt as the inmates walked, ran and played around the camp.

The first major difficulty occurred in June, when the activity to the west of the compound that had been observed by the prisoners was finally confirmed as preliminary site clearing for a new compound. In an interview with Massey, Oberst von Lindeiner, Stalag Luft III's commandant, explained that all American prisoners would be transferred from their present barracks to occupy the new area. This was devastating news for the escape committee. Apart from losing the participation of the American prisoners, they were faced with the prospect of 'Tom' and 'Dick' emerging into the confines of the new compound. Bushell could either halt work on 'Tom' and 'Dick', and concentrate on 'Harry's' northerly course, or to throw all their efforts into completing 'Tom' before major construction of the new camp began. Bearing in mind that the latter course would permit the Americans to render assistance, and take their chance in the escape, Bushell chose to make the rapid completion of 'Tom' the sole priority. Work on 'Harry' was stopped and 'Dick' was designated a dumping ground for sand taken from 'Tom'. The diggers from these two abandoned tunnels made themselves available to help out on the round-the-clock work on 'Tom'. Progress was understandably quick and by September 1943, the tunnel was almost 300 feet long, had easily passed the perimeter wire and had almost reached the point where the vertical exit shaft was to begin. Then disaster struck.

German suspicions, apparently confirmed by increasing readings registered on their hidden sound detectors, led to a major search of hut 123. At first it seemed that the ingenious disguise of the tunnel trapdoor would once again confound the guards' probings, but finally the prisoners' luck ran out. A 'ferret' tapped the concerete floor of the kitchen corridor with a pickaxe and happened to strike the edge of the trapdoor. Cracks appeared in the previously smooth surface and all was revealed.

Although work was resumed on 'Harry' a mere two days after the 'Tom' disaster, Bushell was not prepared to run the risk of losing the last tunnel. He ordered digging to cease and 'Harry's' trap under the stove to be sealed. For the rest of the year the tunnellers remained inactive, but the work of the organisation's forgers, scroungers and tailors continued.

On January 10, 1944 'Harry' was re-opened. In spite of the months of neglect, there were no bad falls of sand, but some of the wooden shoring had to be replaced, and the air system needed substantial repair. Once this work had been completed, the diggers were able to tackle the 200 feet that remained to be excavated before the tunnel reached the 'safety' of the woods outside the camp. Their work was greatly assisted by the theft of a roll of insulated cable. The German workman quickly realised it had gone missing but, fearing punishment from his superiors for his negligence, he omitted to report the loss. 'Harry' thus became the proud possessor of over 800 feet of wire that enabled illumination of the chambers ('half-way houses') and even at the workface itself.

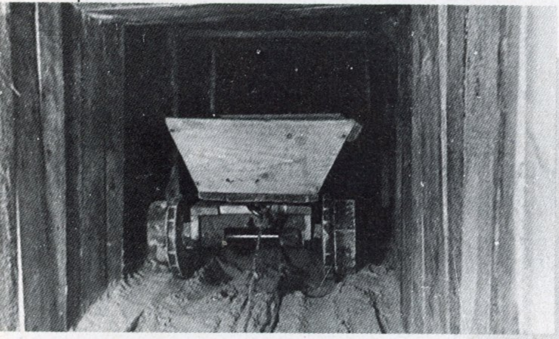
But, as so often seemed to happen, just as their plans were knitting together, fate took a hand. By the end of February 1944, the tunnel was progressing well, and the absence on leave of the senior 'ferret' offered further cause for satisfaction. Then suddenly on March 1, 1944, 20 prisoners were ordered to join a new camp at Belaria, three miles from Stalag Luft III. Significantly, the group included the tunnel security officer, the officer in charge of sand disposal, and one of the chief tunnel engineers. But while the loss of these men was a body blow, it also had a galvanishing effect upon those who remained. One hundred and twelve feet of tunnel was dug in only nine days and, save for the last foot, the final stage of the vertical shaft was completed. It had been a triumph of clandestine engineering. The tunnel was 336 feet long, with entrance and exit shafts over 20 feet in depth.

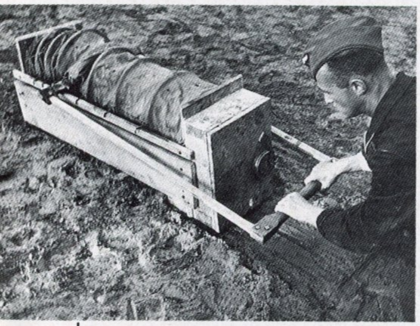
The breakout was scheduled for the night of Friday March 24, 1944. It had been chosen because it lay in the middle of a three day moonless period, and it avoided any difficulties with the restricted Sunday train service of the 26th. A fall-back date a month later was agreed upon, but it was only to be used as a last resort. For there was already concern that the trap was showing signs of wear and tear and was no longer perfectly camouflaged. The question of the escapers' forged documents also imposed conditions on the timetable. Rail warrants, letters, travel permits and the like would be rendered worse than useless if incorrectly dated. It was therefore accepted that the decision to go would be delayed as long as possible but, once ordered, there could be no alterations to their plan beyond complete cancellation.

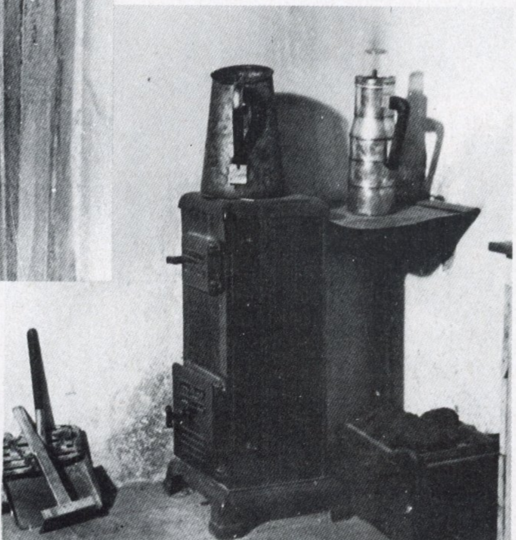
Selection of the would-be escapers posed another problem. Basing their calculations on the rather optimistic assumption that escapers would leave the tunnel between nine pm and dawn at a rate of one every two minutes, it was estimated that some 200 men should be selected. Of this number, the first 100 consisted of those who either stood the best chance of success (German speakers, experienced escapers, etc.), or those who had contributed most to the project. The remaining places were drawn by ballot.

Even when the logistics of providing clothing, money, documents and emergency rations for 200 men had been solved, the organisers were faced with the daunting task of surreptitiously collecting and concealing the escapers in the barrack, then moving them rapidly through a long, narrow and forbidding tunnel. To help overcome these difficulties, each man was meticulously briefed on the safe route to hut 104, the system of queueing and how to lie upon the trollies when being pulled through the tunnel. Extra lights were fixed along its course to increase confidence and it was arranged that every twentieth man would be an experienced

turn to page 67







Top: one of the trolleys used to excavate soil from 'Tom'. Below, left: a tunnel air pump made from wood and kit bags. Right: the entrance to 'Harry', concealed beneath a free-standing stove.

The greatest escape of them all

continued from page 50

tunneller, who was to be on hand in the event of a cave-in or similar crisis.

At 11.30 am on March 24, 1944, the escape committee called a council of war. It was a brief meeting, and their decision quickly spread throughout the camp — the escape was on.

By nine o'clock all was ready. The men were crammed into hut 104, and the first in the queue were installed in the tunnel entrance, 'half-way-houses' and at the foot of the exit shaft. The first man was to be away at 9.30, but by ten o'clock there was still no movement in the tunnel. Wooden boards, that had been installed to shore up the remaining crust of soil at the top of the exit shaft, had been swollen by damp. In spite of strenuous efforts it was not until after 10.15 that the encumbrance was removed and Flight Lieutenant Johnny Bull broke through.

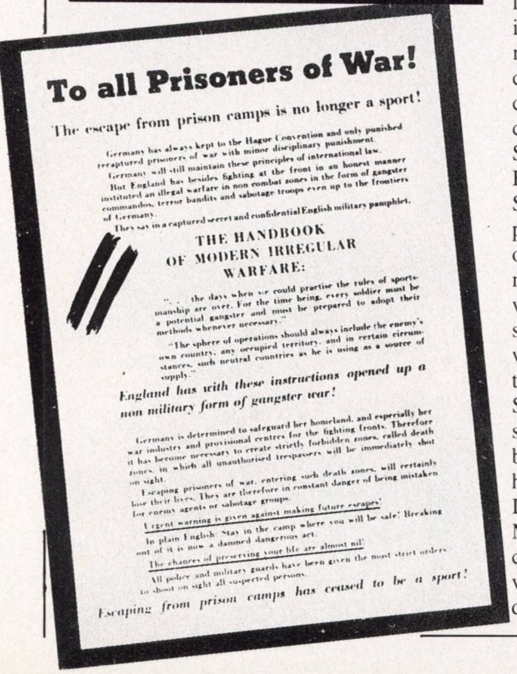
But their elation was short-lived — the tunnel was not long enough. Instead of emerging in the relative safety of the woods that surrounded the camp, they were barely on the fringe of the trees. There was no cover between the mouth of the tunnel and the compound perimeter wire and, to make matters worse, a guard tower was a mere 15 yards away. But it was instantly accepted that there could be no going back and a warning system was hastily improvised.

Other things now began to go badly wrong. Orders to carry only the minimum of belongings were studiously ignored by several prisoners, who appeared at the tunnel entrance with a variety of outsize suitcases and parcels. Instead of accompanying its owner on the trolley, the baggage had to be pulled through the tunnel separately. Ironically the RAF created the next problem with an air raid.

At 11.45 the Germans shut off the camp lights and, in so doing, plunged 'Harry' into darkness. Although substitute fat lamps had been prepared for this eventuality, it took 30 precious minutes for them to be distributed and lit. If this was not bad enough, they then suffered their most dreaded set back a cave-in. Luckily it proved to be less serious than anticipated. Only two of the wooden shoring frames were dislodged but it caused another delay of 50 minutes.

It was quite clear that the escape was way behind schedule, and nothing like the planned 200 men could be got out. In fact, with the five o'clock deadline for shutting the tunnel down fast approaching, the 87th man on the list was told that he would be the last to go. He was just entering the shaft from the barrack when, at 4.55, they heard the sound of a rifle shot. Realising the game was up, the prisoners in hut 104 began destroying false documents and eating their precious escape rations. Meanwhile in the tunnel there was panic and confusion with the imminent prospect of an armed guard appearing out of the gloom. But none of them had to face this ordeal and, as soon as the men below ground had climbed back into the barrack, the trap was shut.

The warning proclamation issued after the Great Escape.



To all Prisoners of War!

The escape from prison camps is no longer a sport!

Germany has always kept to the Hague Convention and only punished recaptured prisoners of war with minor disciplinary punishment.

Germany will still maintain these principles of international law.

But England has besides fighting at the front in an honest manner instituted an illegal warfare in non combat zones in the form of gangster commandos, terror bandits and sabotage troops even up to the frontiers of Germany.

They say in a captured secret and confidential English military pamphlet,

THE HANDBOOK OF MODERN IRREGULAR WARFARE:

"... the days when we could practise the rules of sportsmanship are over. For the time being, every soldier must be a potential gangster and must be prepared to adopt their methods whenever necessary."

"The sphere of operations should always include the enemy's own country, any occupied territory, and in certain circumstances, such neutral countries as he is using as a source of supply."

England has with these instructions opened up a non military form of gangster war!

Germany is determined to safeguard her homeland, and especially her war industry and provisional centres for the fighting fronts. Therefore it has become necessary to create strictly forbidden zones, called death zones, in which all unauthorised trespassers will be immediately shot on sight.

Escaping prisoners of war, entering such death zones, will certainly lose their lives. They are therefore in constant danger of being mistaken for enemy agents or sabotage groups.

Urgent warning is given against making future escapes!

In plain English: Stay in the camp where you will be safe! Breaking out of it is now a damned dangerous act.

The chances of preserving your life are almost nil!

All police and military guards have been given the most strict orders to shoot on sight all suspected persons.

Escaping from prison camps has ceased to be a sport!

But what had happened? In spite of the difficulties, the improvised lookout system had worked well and the guards had failed to notice the shadowy figures crawling through the snow into the trees. Then one of the Germans wandered away from his regular beat. The escapers at the mouth of the tunnel froze as the guard walked closer and closer, still completely oblivious of their presence. It seemed as if he would either tread on the cowering figures, or fall down the tunnel, before he realised what was happening.

But suddenly he noticed one of the prisoners in the darkness and unslung his rifle. This menacing action caused one of the escapers to leap to his feet crying, *'Nicht schiesen, Posten!'* — 'Don't shoot, sentry!' Not surprisingly, his plea elicited the opposite response from the frightened German, who loosed off a shot. This convinced two of the prisoners, hidden in the half light to take to their heels, while the others decided to give themselves up. Soon more guards arrived on the scene — the first stage of the escape was at an end.

The fact that the Germans' hue and cry had begun so early meant that many of the 76 escapees were quickly rounded up in the vicinity of the camp. Most of these were 'hard-arsers' — men who had hoped to journey across country on foot, until they could make contact with Czech resistance groups. Others, who spoke a passable foreign language, had been furnished with appropriate identity documents and sufficient money to buy railway tickets. Their escape plans included crossing into neutral Switzerland, making contact with escape lines in the occupied countries and stowing away on a ship bound for Sweden.

Bushell and his travelling companion, Lieutenant Scheidauer, planned to travel to France by train, posing as Frenchmen who were returning home on leave after working in Germany. They managed to reach the border town of Saabrucken without too much difficulty, but at the railway station they failed to pass a security check and were apprehended. There is still some doubt as to why they were caught. One report claims that Scheidauer, a Frenchman, was tricked into speaking English during a routine interrogation, but a more likely (if less dramatic) explanation has been offered by a fellow escaper. Flight Lieutenant Van Wymeersch managed to reach Metz in eastern France before he, too, was caught on a train en route for Paris. The Germans who arrested him explained that his travel documents were incomplete and that two other escaped prisoners had been discovered in similar circumstances at Saarbrucken. The obvious assumption is that these men were Bushell and Scheidauer.

Although the forgers had done their best, the inadequacy, or inaccuracy, of documents proved to be a distressingly frequent reason for recapture. Lieutenant Neely RN was caught on the Berlin-Munich train for precisely this shortcoming. Similarly, two other escapers, Plunkett and Dvorack, were seized at Klattau station in Czechoslovakia for not having the correct type of leave pass. Meanwhile, Flight Lieutenants Tonder and Stower managed to remain at liberty for three days when travelling on foot, but when they caught a train, their documents failed an inspection and they were arrested.

One of the reasons for the failure of the documents was the inordinately close scrutiny to which they were subjected. On the morning of the escape, the Geman authorities had ordered a 'Grossfahndung' that heralded a national alert to find the fugitives. The massive security forces of the Third Reich immediately swung into action. Army, Luftwaffe, Home Guard and SS units were pressed into service. Even more menacing were the numerous police forces involved in the search: railway and border units, the Sicherheitspolitzei, the Kriminalpolitzei and the infamous Gestapo.

One by one the weary and cornered escapers were caught up in the gigantic dragnet. Apart from those whose papers gave them away, others were simply arrested for acting suspiciously. Four were apprehended by a German military patrol as they crossed into Czechoslovakia, while a Home Guard unit arrested two more who had spent a miserable day trudging through the snow, after they had missed their rail connections at Sagan station.

It seems scarcely credible that anyone could have pierced this security blanket, but three escapers did succeed. Two Norwegians, Sergant Bergsland and Pilot Officer Muller, had little difficulty in catching trains away from Sagan, and, by the evening of the breakout, they had reached the Baltic port of Stettin. Making contact with crew members of a Swedish ship, they were smuggled aboard, and, although the Germans carried out a search of the vessel, they managed to avoid discovery.

The voyage to Sweden passed without incident and on March 30, 1944 they reached Stockholm. A couple of days later they were flown back to Britain.

In contrast, Flight Lieutenant van der Stok's escape route was far more circuitous. The Dutchman was number 18 out of the tunnel and was walking towards Sagan station when his new-found freedom threatened to be distressingly short-lived. He was confronted by a passer-by who closely questioned him but, accepting van der Stok's story that he was a Dutch worker, he offered to walk with him to the station. The air raid had resulted in considerable train dealys, and van der Stock found himself stranded on the platform, the clear object of suspicion. His papers were examined by a military policeman, but withstood the test, and it was with great relief that the Dutchman finally boarded the train for Breslau. He successfully changed trains at Dresden and Halle, and reached his home town of Utrecht a mere 36 hours after emerging from 'Harry'. Van der Stok remained undercover for several weeks, before being passed on to an escape line that ran through

turn to page 102

The greatest escape of them all

continued from page 67

Brussels, Paris and Tolouse to the Pyrenees. His mammoth journey saw him cross the border into neutral Spain, reach the safety of Gibraltar and finally fly back to England. His 'home run' had taken four months to complete.

The hardships encountered by the successful escapers were to be as nothing when set alongside the fate of their recaptured comrades. Twenty-six hours after the breakout the news reached Hitler's alpine retreat at Berchtesgaden. The Führer was furious at the mass escape, as it appeared to bear out his worse fears of an uprising amongst the Third Reich's millions of prisoners of war and forced labourers. He demanded that all of the recaptured prisoners were to be shot. Himmler, Goering and Field Marshal Keitel argued over who was responsible for the disgrace, but nevertheless found the time to convince Hitler that wholesale execution of the prisoners would invite Allied reprisals. The Führer, therefore, relented and ordered that at least half of those recaptured were to be killed. It was agreed that Himmler's security forces would deal with the matter, their instructions becoming incapsulated in the infamous 'Sagan Decree':

'The increase of escapes by officer prisoners of war is a menace to internal security. I am indignant about the inefficient security measures. As a deterrent the Führer has ordered that more than half the escaped officers are to be shot. Therefore I order that Kriminalpolizei are to hand over for interrogation to the Gestapo more than half of the recaptured officers. After interrogation the officers are to be taken in the direction of their original camp and shot en route. The shootings will be explained by the fact that the recaptured officers were shot whilst trying to escape, or because they offered resistance, so that nothing can be proved later.'

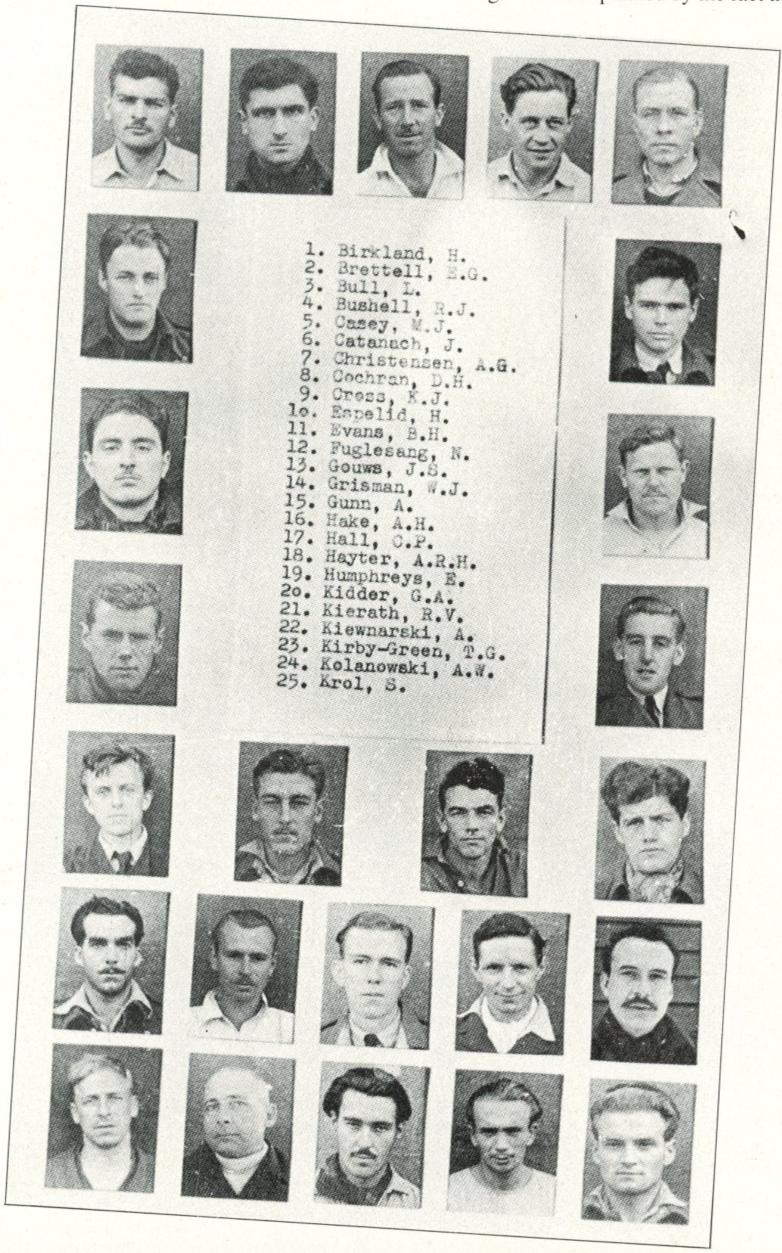
With teutonic efficiency, the Gestapo set about its dreadful task. The first murders began on March 29, 1944 and continued for the next two weeks when, on April 12, the last of the 50 held in custody, Flight Lieutenant Long, 'disappeared'. No particular nationality was singled out for special treatment with the list of victims comprising a Lithuanian, a Belgian, a Czech, a Frenchman, a Greek, Poles, Norwegians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Australians, Canadians and British. Predictably, Bushell was amongst the dead.

At Sagan, commandant von Lindeiner was relieved of his command, and placed under arrest, pending a court martial. It was, therefore, his replacement, Braune, who informed Group Captain Massey that 41 of the escapers had been shot whilst resisting arrest, or in continued efforts to escape. Shock turned to dismay and anger when Massey's enquiry about the wounded was met by the response that all 41 were dead. Although a trickle of survivors to the camp offered some cause for celebration, the memory of their murdered friends was never far from their thoughts with the regular arrival of cremation urns bearing the names and remains of the 'missing'.

There remained another category of escaper who was neither one of the 50 murdered, nor amongst the lucky ones sent back to Sagan. Three men were kept in Gestapo prisons and concentration camps in Czechoslovakia, while a fourth had the dubious distinction of being an inmate both of Buchenwald and Saschsenhausen concentration camps. All four men survived the war. Another group, comprising Wing Commander Day, Major Dodge and Flight Lieutenants Dowse and James, was also sent to Sachsenhausen. But far from being intimidated by its awesome reputation, these resolute characters resolved to dig an escape tunnel. They broke out in September 1944 and, although they were subsequently recaptured, it was not before they caused the Germans considerable embarassment and annoyance.

But the story of the Sagan escape did not end with the liberation of the surviving prisoners. The Gestapo's attempted cover-up of the murder of the 50 airmen fooled nobody and, as early as June 23, 1944, the Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, announced in the House of Commons, 'These foul criminals shall be tracked down to the last man, wherever they may take refuge. When the war is over they will be brought to exemplary justice.'

Investigation of the crime and the apprehension of those responsible was entrusted to the Royal Air Force's Special Investigation Branch, who began work in September 1945. It was to prove an immense task, involving 100,000 interrogations, as they pieced together the story of the escape, discovered the individual fates of the victims and identified the murderers. However, their labours were rewarded by the eventual indictment of 72 men for 'killing and conspiracy to kill, contrary to the laws and usages of war.' Of those accused 21 were executed, 17 imprisoned and 11 took their own lives. After the Sagan escape, the Germans had circulated a cautionary leaflet in POW camps, which callously annouced, 'Escaping from prison camps has ceased to be a sport'. The prosecution of the Gestapo murderers had at least re-established the rules of the game.



1. Birkland, H.
2. Brettell, E.G.
3. Bull, L.
4. Bushell, R.J.
5. Casey, M.J.
6. Catanach, J.
7. Christensen, A.G.
8. Cochran, D.H.
9. Cross, K.J.
1o. Espelid, H.
11. Evans, B.H.
12. Fuglesang, N.
13. Gouws, J.S.
14. Grisman, W.J.
15. Gunn, A.
16. Hake, A.H.
17. Hall, C.P.
18. Hayter, A.R.H.
19. Humphreys, E.
2o. Kidder, G.A.
21. Kierath, R.V.
22. Kiewnarski, A.
23. Kirby-Green, T.G.
24. Kolanowski, A.W.
25. Krol, S.

Twenty five of the 50 escaped prisoners who were shot by the Gestapo on Hitler's orders after recapture. Officially they died while trying to escape, or resisting recapture, an excuse which deceived no one. They included all nationalities, and Roger Bushell.

ALAIN PRIEUR

ALAIN PRIEUR

ALAIN PRIEUR

Ville de Nice
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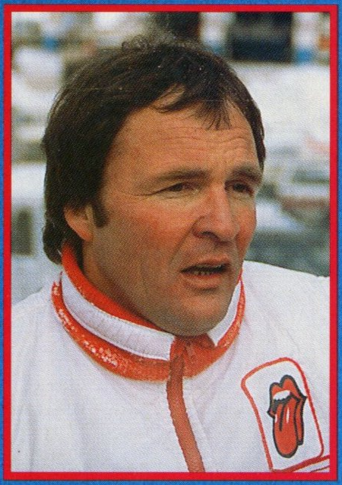


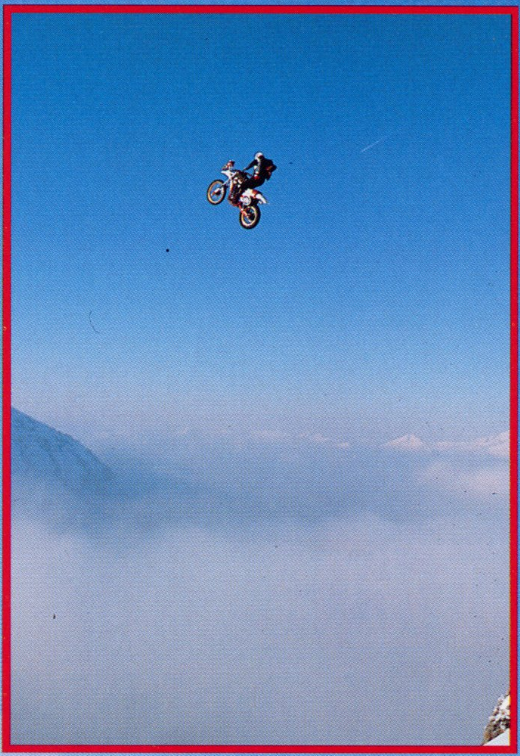
High in the Alps stuntman Alain Prieur performed an astonishing double feat — parachuting onto the saddle of a motorbike before riding it over a 2000 foot drop

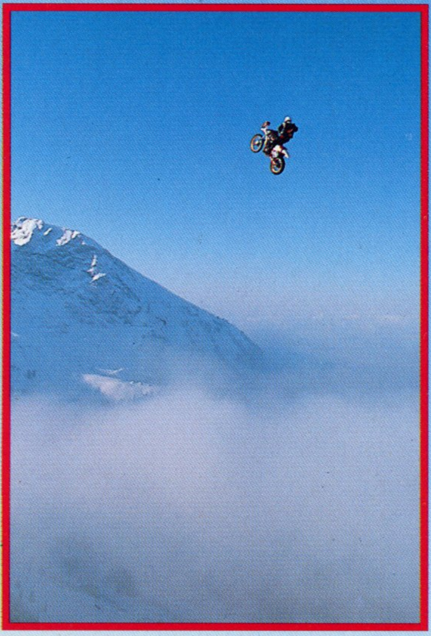
THE MOUNTAIN MANIAC

As one of France's leading stuntmen, Alain Prieur believes in doing nothing by halves. For most of us, making a parachute jump from a cliff several hundred feet high at the fashionable French ski resort of Avoriaz would have been daring enough. But not M Prieur. Having launched himself into icy air, he managed to land astride the saddle of a waiting motorcycle, no mean feat in perfect atmospheric conditions, but — with stray air currents curling unpredictably off the nearby cliff face — an almost superhuman achievement. He then discarded

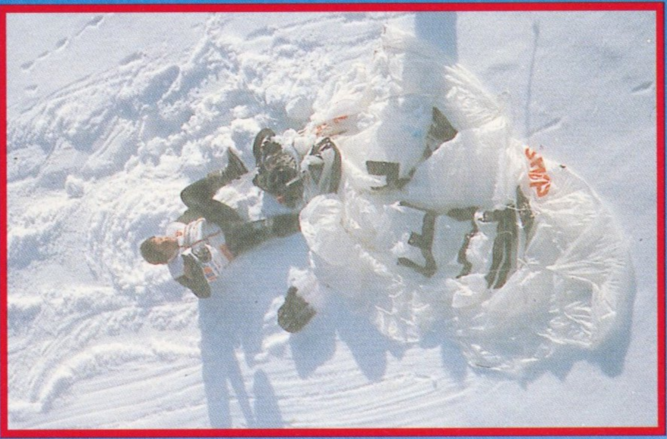
ALAIN PRIEUR

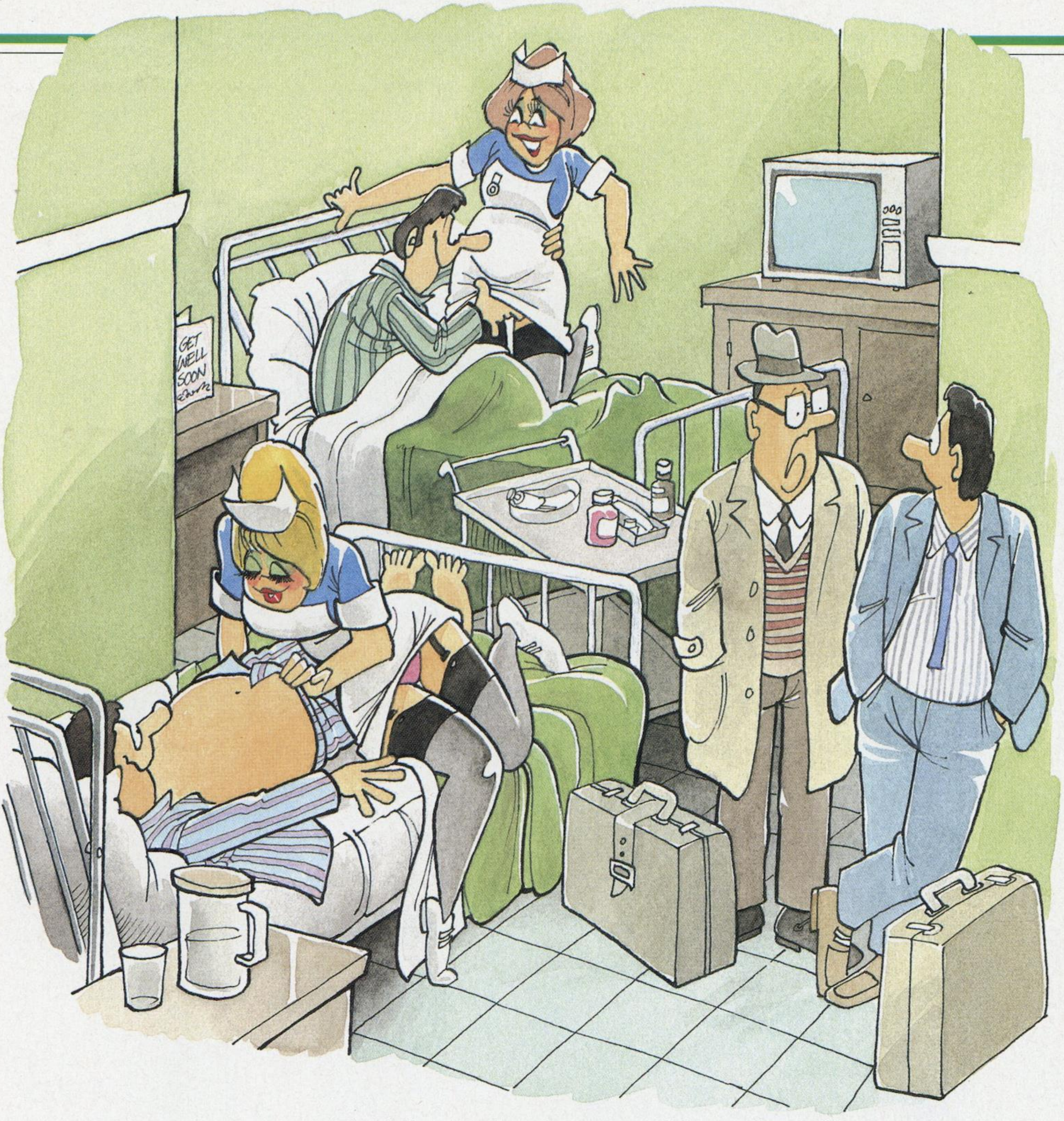
Ville
Ville
Nice





his parachute, started the motorcycle and rode along a ramp which ended abruptly over a scarey 2000 feet drop. As man and machine parted in mid air, two more parachutes were deployed — though one quickly became tangled. Fortunately, for M Prieur it belonged to his motorcycle. While the machine thudded into soft snow, the stuntman landed gently a few feet away — his astonishing feat having been captured in these spectacular photographs by top sports photographer Alain Ernoult.

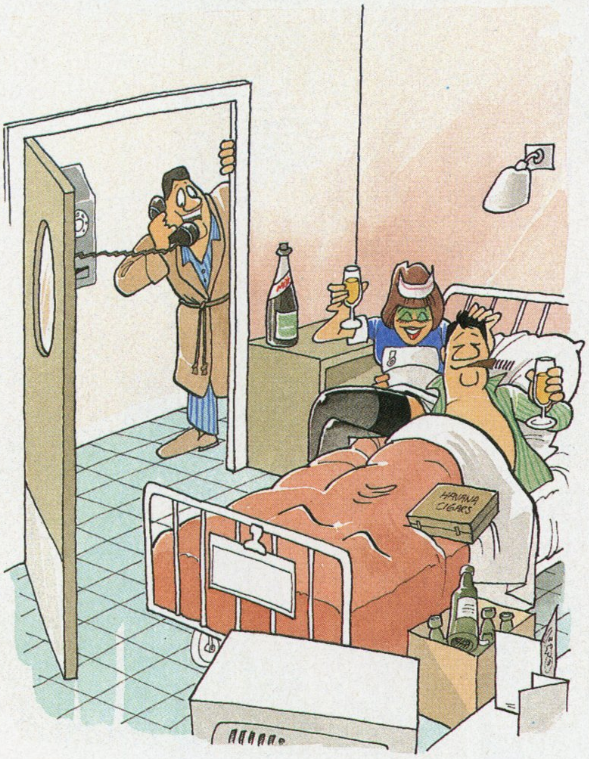




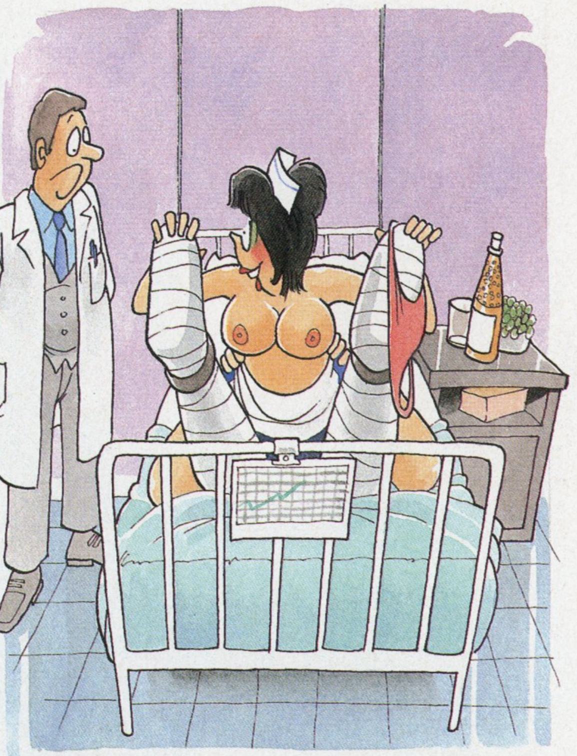
'The whole point of paying was to avoid the wait for a bed!'

IN SICKNESS AND IN WEALTH...

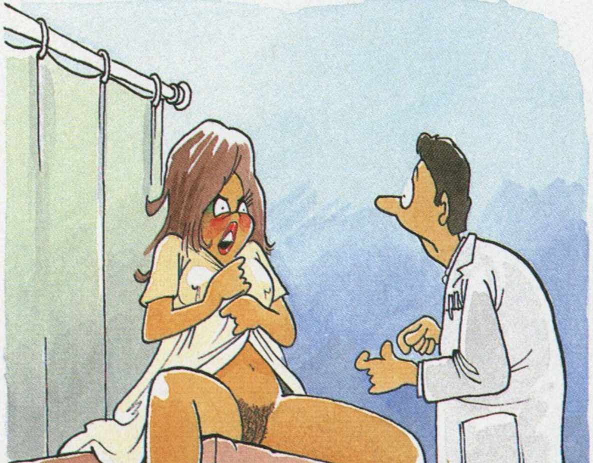
In these days of an ailing NHS, going private can have its advantages. Anthony injects a little humour and fantasy



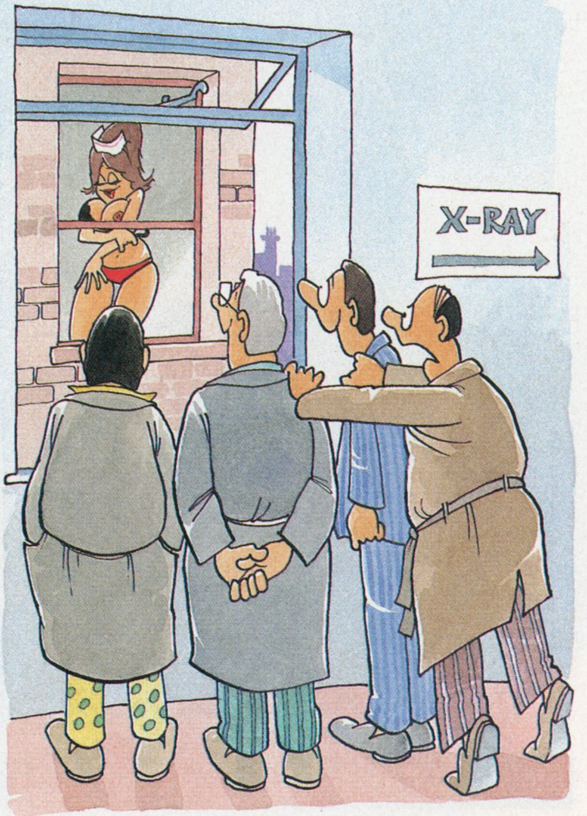
'Sell my Telecom shares, Muriel . . . I've decided to go private.'



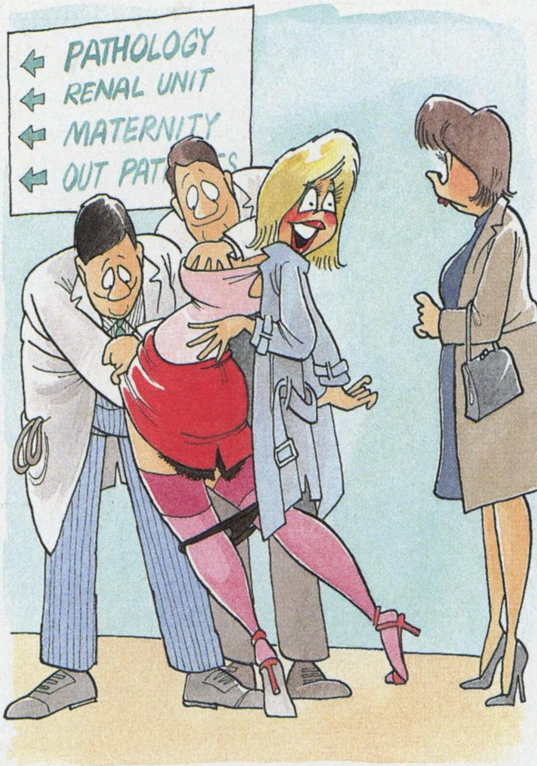
'He wanted to know just what he gets for £350 a day.'



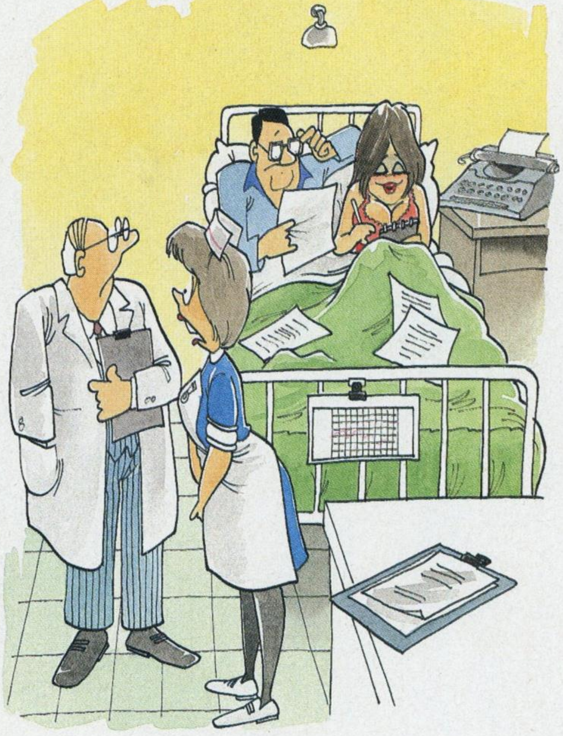
'For the money I'm paying, I expect warm hands!'



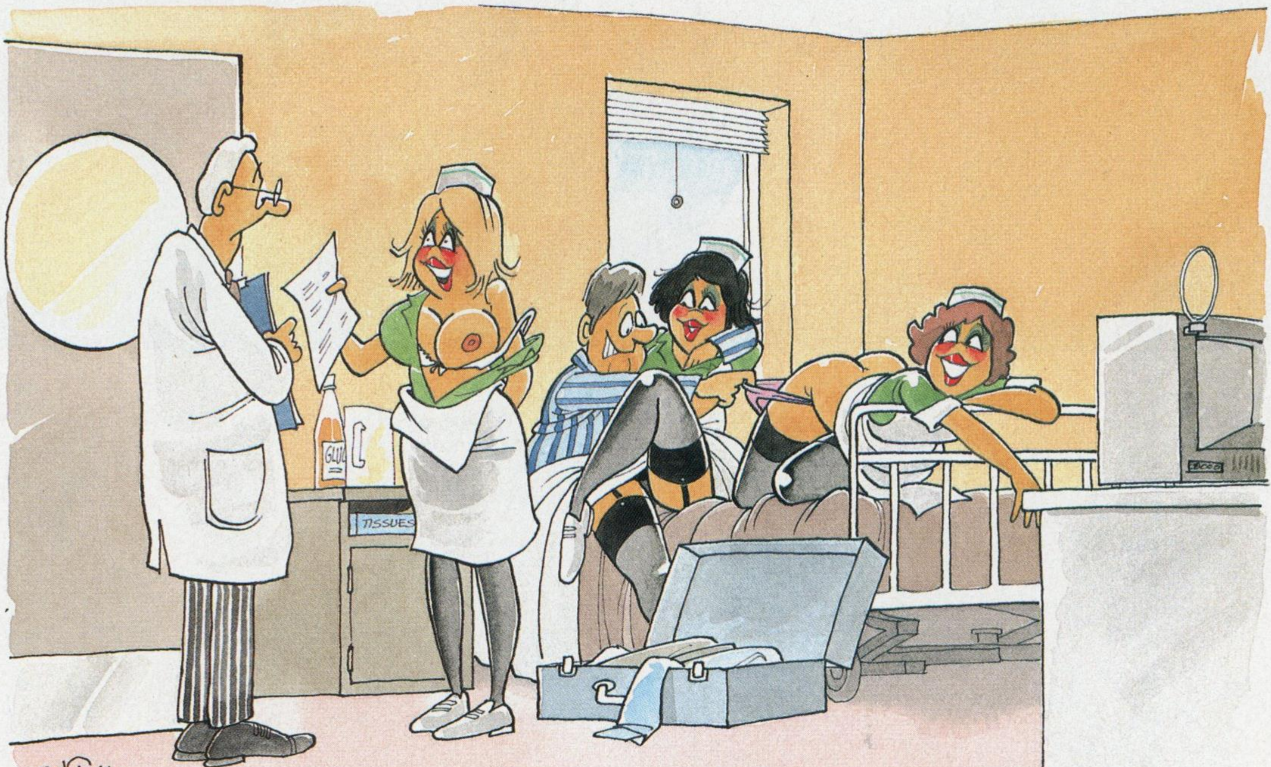
'Let me through, I'm a private patient!'


PATHOLOGY
RENAL UNIT
MATERNITY
OUT PAT

'I'd no idea the private patient got such personal attention.'



'He says it's imperative his secretary is on hand twenty four hours a day.'



'Here's a few additional items for Mr Grant's bill, doctor. Three pairs of torn panties, one ripped uniform, nine laddered stockings . . .'

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

Few of us — men or women — are without a sexual quirk of some kind — an aspect of the sex act which inspires us more than any other. It can be a desire to make love anonymously with a virtual stranger, or under conditions of imminent discovery, or a simple passion for oral sex. This month Quest talks to three women whose quirks illuminated their sex lives

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld

Sex. . . . Female

Age. . . . 32 years

Town of Origin. . . . Liverpool

Other details. . . . This interviewee married at 25 and was divorced six years later. She works part-time as a hairdresser and lives with her boyfriend and her young daughter.

Quest: What would you say is the most secretive part of your sex life?

Hairdresser: Secrecy is. Or the thought of being found out. It used to turn me on almost as much as doing it.

Quest: What do you mean by being found out? Who by?

Hairdresser: Anyone who might see what you're up to. I was brought up by my mother's sister and her husband, who were middle-aged and very strict, especially about anything to do with sex. That either makes you go right over the top, or you become sneaky. I became very sneaky.

Quest: But you still managed to have a satisfactory sex life?

Hairdresser: I didn't have a serious boyfriend until I was 22. I lived at home, but he was in a hostel. He was 28, and a bit of a drifter. I realise now that he was only after sex. I used to let him in after my aunt and uncle had gone to bed and take him upstairs with me. We'd undress, then do it in the dark under the sheets, as quietly as we could, because my aunt and uncle were only across the landing. It was a stupid risk — I'm sure they would have thrown me out if they'd known — but that was half the excitement of it. I remember once we must have overdone it, because my aunt heard something and stuck her head round the door. This was about one in the morning. My boyfriend just had enough time to curl under the sheets. There was only the light from the landing, so it wasn't too obvious. I was busy reassuring my aunt, telling her I'd had a bad dream or something, then the rotten sod started touching me.

Quest: In what way?

Hairdresser: He began fingering me between the legs. It was absolute murder! God knows, what I was saying. By the time I finally got rid of my aunt, I was really worked up. Normally we'd have waited until the house had been quiet again for a while, but my boyfriend was wound up too, so he just moved up my body and slipped into me. *Then* my aunt called out from her room, asking if I wanted a drink or an aspirin to make me feel better! So there I was, calling back that I was fine, trying to sound normal while my boyfriend was actually inside me! She didn't come back, of course, but it was a dreadful situation. At the time, anyway.

Quest: But not in retrospect?

Hairdresser: No. The idea of it still quite turns me on. I don't know if that was always in me, or it was because of the sort of affairs I had later on.

Quest: What were they exactly?

Hairdresser: It was when my boyfriend and I broke up. I went a bit wild for a while. I wasn't sure if I missed him or the situation we'd been in, so I did some stupid things.

Quest: With whom?

Hairdresser: Mainly with the fellow who lived next door. Peter used to keep rabbits in a shed at the end of his garden. When I was about 10 I'd had a pet rabbit from him, and I'd got quite interested in them. I was out of work for a while, so I started chatting to him again, and I ended up giving him a hand once or twice a week with the hutches. It was just something to do — I didn't even think about fancying him. He was about 37, 38 not bad-looking, and married. We'd always got on well, but that was all. Then, one day we were in the shed, and I must have stood up as he turned to me. Anyway, we collided with one another, face on. I wasn't looking particularly glamorous — I was only wearing jeans and a tee-shirt, with my hair just pinned back off my face — but suddenly he grabbed me and kissed me. I was so astonished I didn't even think of stopping him.

We were having sex in the shed when I saw his wife coming down the garden

Quest: What was your reaction when he'd finished?

Hairdresser: I said I had to go home, and left. I spent all night thinking about it. When I went back the next day he looked really surprised to see me. He started to apologise, but I told him I'd been surprised, not upset, and just pecked him on the lips. And then we were kissing again properly, and it all went on from there.

Quest: You mean you made love?

Hairdresser: He put his hand on my boobs virtually straightaway, and I realised he wanted to do it all.

Quest: You didn't object?

Hairdresser: I suppose I would have preferred to wait a bit, but I knew his wife had gone shopping and we only had an hour, so it had to be like that.

Quest: How were you dressed?

Hairdresser: A denim skirt, I think, and a sweater, my knickers and bra.

Quest: Was you hair still pinned up?

Hairdresser: No, I'd washed it that morning. I don't honestly remember deliberately trying to look good. I knew it was wrong to get involved with married men, but I was curious too. I didn't really know what was going to happen.

Quest: What did?

Hairdresser: While we were kissing he pushed his hand up the back of my sweater and undid my bra and was fondling my boobs, which I really liked. Then he realised the shed door was still open, and we might have been seen from the garden on that side, so he went and closed it.

Quest: Weren't there windows to this shed?

Hairdresser: Yes, but too dusty to see through.

Quest: Go on.

Hairdresser: When he shut the door, I pulled my sweater up to my neck, so I could untangle my bra. Then I heard this gasp, and I thought something was wrong. But he was just staring at my bare breasts — he was actually a real boob man was Peter! I'm not enormous, I'm barely 34, but I have such a narrow back I normally need a C-cup, so I look more impressive than I really am. Peter was obviously impressed, in any case. He looked as if he couldn't believe it. He walked over to me, put his hands on my waist, then leaned down and just buried his head in my breasts. He almost bent me over backwards! But it felt lovely. He was kissing my boobs, licking them, sucking on my nipples, rolling them between his teeth — I couldn't believe all the things he got up to. By the time he came up for air we were both panting, and my knickers were practically awash. My boyfriend and I had done beautiful things together, but it was really like marvellous fun. I'd never had that feeling of just being taken, like I got with Peter.

Quest: How did you have intercourse?

Hairdresser: That was different, too. Peter just stopped fondling me, and started pulling off his shirt and undoing his trousers. So I thought, this must be it. I unzipped my skirt, stepped out of it, and began peeling down my knickers. It never occurred to me to play hard to get.

Quest: So you were both nude?

Hairdresser: Yes. Peter had a nice body, nicer than I'd expected. But our main problem then was where we were going to do it. The floor had lino over the bare boards, but it was too filthy to lie on, and there was barely enough room for two. Then Peter laughed, and said we'd have to do it like the rabbits did.

Quest: Rear entry?

Hairdresser: Yes. I wasn't that sure about it. I'd only done it once — perhaps twice — with my first boyfriend. It just seemed dirtier to me, somehow, more impersonal, though I'd enjoyed it. But it was obviously the only way. As soon as I was on my knees, Peter dropped down behind me, and began stroking and kissing my back, and running his hands round my body to squeeze my boobs. He kept saying, 'You don't know how long I've dreamed of doing this —' All the time I could feel his stiffness rubbing up and down between the cheeks of my bottom.

Quest: Were you turned on as much yourself?

Hairdresser: I'm sure I was, but I was nervous too. It was only my second fellow, and our first time, and we were starkers inside his shed with no lock on the door! Then he reached down between my legs and felt my pussy and decided it was time. I felt him slide down the curve of my bottom, butt up under my pussy, fumble a bit — then he was pushing into me, forcing me open, and we were doing it.

Quest: Did he penetrate you fully?

Hairdresser: It certainly felt like it! His thighs were right against mine. He was hissing, 'Christ, you're so *tight* —' I don't know if he could say the same now! It felt strange, but it felt good too. Then he pulled back, and began to hump me. He was quite gentle, actually, at least to begin with.

Quest: Didn't your excitement increase too?

Hairdresser: It did, but it took me longer. I found it odd not being able to see his face — it was almost like being *done* anonymously, like playing with yourself. I wasn't sure if you should enjoy that! Then the odd thing happened, which changed it all.

Quest: What was that?

Hairdresser: My head was quite close to one wall, and there was a small crack in the wood. I realised I could see almost to the house. I think it must have been the movement which caught my eye.

Quest: Movement?

Hairdresser: It was Peter's wife. She carried out a basket of washing, and she started pegging the clothes on the line. She was a good 40 or 50 feet away — not *near* — but she was there! She obviously hadn't gone on a long shop after all.

Quest: Did you tell Peter?

Hairdresser: I don't think it would have made any difference! He was slamming into me so fiercely he was in a world of his own. Anyway, it was the difference to me that mattered. If my heart hadn't been pounding so much already I think it would have gone berserk. I had this sick feeling of fright, but also of being outrageous and disgusting and terrible all at the same time. And I knew I was more excited than I had ever been before. The feelings weren't just bigger, they were more intense too, and suddenly they were boiling over, until they reached such a pitch they just seemed to explode in these enormous, heart-stopping spasms. That was when Peter groaned and I could feel him coming off in me. Then my spasms slowed down, but Peter was still moving, and I felt so sensitive I had to flop onto my tummy to make him stop. And I glimpsed his wife disappearing towards the house. That was the last time it happened with Peter. I was too scared to repeat it.

Quest: But it was your first orgasm?

Hairdresser: Yes. I suppose it was always associating good sex with danger that hurt my marriage — you're pretty safe in bed with your husband. But I'm over that now — not that I would say no to the odd romp in a layby — with my boyfriend!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 23 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Bury St Edmunds
Other details. . . . This interviewee, an attractive brunette, trained as a secretary and now works for a small firm in the East Midlands. She shares a flat with a male friend.

Quest: Are there any aspects of your sex life you'd think twice about before revealing to anyone else?

Secretary: I think I've always been fascinated by the way men get hard. I remember talking to a girlfriend when we both about eighteen, and she said, 'He keeps wanting me to touch his *thing*. I wish he wouldn't. I just want us to do it together.' I thought she was mad. That was one of the nicest bits!

Quest: You enjoy touching a lover's penis?

Secretary: I love doing everything with it! I think an erection is beautiful. Most of them, anyway! I love holding *things*, I love tasting them — that's a fabulous feeling.

Quest: You particularly enjoy fellatio?

Secretary: *That's* my big secret, if you like. But you can't really talk about it. Not like this, anyway.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Secretary: It got me the sack. Really!

Quest: What happened?

Secretary: It was a Christmas party at a place where I used to work. It was held at the managing director's house, a really old place, really expensive. I had a bit too much to drink. I was talking to this director I'd always fancied. He was only young, thirty one or two, married to this really plain, sour-looking girl, who always looked daggers at me. I don't know why. *He'd* always been the one who flirted with *me*. Anyway, we'd both had more than we should, and we were on our own in a sort of conservatory at the back of the house, just looking out at the dark, and we were talking about sex. He told me he'd only ever been to bed with his wife — they'd got married when he was 21. That seemed incredible to me — ten whole years getting into bed with the same person. I said that, at least, after all that time, you'd know each other so well you could do anything together — you wouldn't have any secrets. When he heard that, he just laughed. 'If you call doing it under the bedclothes, once a month if I'm lucky, doing everything, then it's fantastic,' he said. I couldn't believe it. 'Don't you cuddle?' I asked. 'Don't you fondle each other?' 'Joy was never *that* keen on sex,' he said. 'She thinks touching each other down there is what kids do to find out what the opposite sex looks like. She can't see any more point now we've got the children.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Secretary: I thought it was terrible! 'God,' I said, 'if my boyfriend didn't kiss me all over I'd think he'd gone off me!' Then it dawned on me that if his wife hadn't kissed him down there he'd never had it done to him — and he was in his thirties! I suppose I was drunk, but I did feel sorry for him, so I told him, 'I'll do it for you, if you like.'

Quest: How did he react?

Secretary: He said, 'Pardon?' Then I felt silly, but I said it again, and *he* blushed. 'You can't do that,' he said, but I could tell by his face he wanted to. We started laughing, and I deliberately leaned against him. I was only wearing a thin dress, and I could feel a little hardness in his trousers just nudging my tummy. Even if I don't specially fancy someone that always turns me on — and I did quite fancy him. 'Come on,' I said, 'you know you want me to.'

> **'I had a senior director literally in the palm of my hand just by unzipping him'**

Quest: Did he still object?

Secretary: I didn't give him a chance. I reached up and caught the top of his zip, which made him start. Then I sank slowly down onto my knees, opening the zip and smiling at him as I went. I just slipped in my hand and fished him out.

Quest: Did he have an erection?

Secretary: He did by the time I'd got hold of him! It wasn't small, either. I said, 'Your wife doesn't know what she's missing.'

Quest: What did he do?

Secretary: Nothing, apart from shudder and grunt a bit. He looked absolutely knocked out. Then I brought my head down over his tip, and breathed on him. The boyfriend I had then loved that. This fellow twitched in my hand, so he obviously did too. Then I put out the tip of my tongue, and drew it up one side of his bulb and down the other, just brushing the surface of his skin. He moaned then! So I waited, then I did it again, going the opposite way, and when I finished I licked very quickly right round the fat bit at the bottom of his bulb. Then I asked if he liked it — not that I needed to!

Quest: You sound very expert.

Secretary: I just enjoy it. It's so incredibly rude. And it's power, too, I suppose. I mean, I was only a junior typist and I had a senior director literally in the palm of my hand, just by unzipping his fly and sucking on his thing!

Quest: Did you actually suck him?

Secretary: I put my mouth over him and closed my lips round him, very gently at first. Then, when he didn't explode, I began to wet him with my tongue, coating the whole of his tip with saliva. Then I started to work my way right down his length, moving round and round his column — I got quite carried away actually!

Quest: You weren't afraid of him ejaculating in your mouth?

Secretary: No. In fact, I think I forced it on him, though it was probably just as well!

Quest: How do you mean?

Secretary: I got so keen I actually popped him out of my mouth and started licking under his balls — I was still wanking him, gently though. He was literally moaning. 'Oh Janice (name changed), oh God!' He was already pushing my head into his crotch, then he began reaching down, trying to feel my breasts and reach into the top of my dress. I thought he wanted to do the whole thing with me.

Quest: Would you have had intercourse?

Secretary: I was worked up enough, I'd have loved to. But I thought he was too close to shooting off. So I said, 'When you're in my mouth, you don't have to hold back. I don't mind. 'Which was not the right thing to say!

Quest: Why?

Secretary: I obviously touched a raw nerve — several probably! I saw it in his face. He gave this loud groan. I felt his cock sort of squeeze back — I remember giving this tiny gasp, and desperately jerking him down to get my mouth over the end before he came, I'm not sure I quite made it. Then I felt his body go stiff again, and I thought he might be getting turned on again. So I opened my eyes and looked up. And there was his wife, *and* the managing director, standing in the doorway that led to the house. I tell you, it was almost worth getting the sack for the looks on their faces!

Quest: Thank you for being so frank.

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 27 years
Town of Origin. . . . York
Other details. . . . This interviewee trained as a nurse after leaving school and now works for a Midlands general hospital. She shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: What is your biggest sex secret?

Nurse: I think doing it on the sly is what turns me on most.

Quest: What does that mean?

Nurse: Doing it without knowing you're doing it, or who's doing it to you. I must admit my favourite fantasties are about being had by someone I never see, like in a dark alley, or some stranger just sliding into my bed one night. Don't tell my flatmates — they're all raving women's libbers! My current boyfriend gets quite close, sometimes.

Quest: What does he do?

Nurse: He's a houseman on his last year, so he can turn up at the flat literally any hour of the day or night. He'll often slip into bed next to me at six or seven in the morning, and, even though he's physically shattered, he can be very randy and he'll literally screw me awake!

Quest: You enjoy that especially?

Nurse: Oh it's gorgeous. I don't usually wear anything in bed, and he'll just start stroking me very gently, fondling my boobs and my nipples, then playing with my pussy — sometimes both together. It doesn't seem to make any difference that I'm asleep, I still get wet, and in fact I have really randy dreams. Then I wake up and find they're real — it's marvellous! Once he went down on me when I must still have been quite deeply asleep. I got so excited physically I didn't wake up until I was actually having my climax. I didn't dare tell him I'd actually been dreaming about an old flame! It's nicest, though, when I wake gently and easily, and I can feel him moving inside me. Then I just take up his rhythm, and we build it up together and bring each other off.

Quest: Is that the nearest you have ever got to your fantasy?

Nurse: Not entirely. There was something that happened when I was a student, which was a lot closer. But I've only ever told a couple of people about that.

Quest: Tell me.

Nurse: I knew you'd say that! It was at a party — at a house which some people on my course were renting. It was miles out of town, literally in the country, so virtually everyone was staying over.

> **When my boyfriend makes love to me in my sleep I have naughty dreams and wake to find they're true**

The only reason I went was that I knew a certain fellow I was absolutely crazy about would be going too. I'd been ogling Keith for a couple of months, and hardly got him to say a dozen words to me. A girl I knew had promised to introduce us, but there was a complication, because my invitation was via another fellow, Barry who fancied me a lot, but I didn't fancy him. It didn't help, of course, that he knew I was staying the night, and I fully expected him to try his luck. The result was I spent half the evening trying to avoid my date, without making it too obvious, and at the same pin down Keith.

Quest: Did you succeed?

Nurse: No! Keith and I made about four attempts to have a conversation, but Barry would always appear and drag me off to do something else, or someone would do the same to Keith. It became a running joke between us — he even said, 'We've got to start meeting like this!' Which I thought was a great leap forward, but by then it was after two in the morning, and people were making up beds all over the place.

Quest: Including your date?

Nurse: Yes, unfortunately. He'd organised a couple of blankets and mattresses — put neatly together — in the dining room, with three or four other people. There was no way I wanted to spend a cosy night tucked up with him. On the other hand I didn't want to be rude, and end up without a lift back! So I made it clear I was staying strictly on my mattress. I deliberately hadn't brought anything to change into.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Nurse: A skirt and a polo-necked sweater. I left them both on, but I loosened my bra, and I took my shoes and tights off.

Quest: Did that deter your date?

Nurse: Not entirely. He leaned over to give me a good night kiss, a peck on the cheek first, then on the lips, and then with a bit more energy. But I pulled away and nodded to the other people in the room, as if it was only shyness of them that stopped me going any further. He was a bit disgruntled, so I kissed him again quickly, wished him goodnight and curled up with my back to him. And it worked!

Quest: Had you give up on Keith entirely?

Nurse: Oh no, but I didn't know what I was going to do about it. Meanwhile someone had put the light out. I could hear people settling down all over the house. Then I must have dozed off, because the next thing I remember is the door opening and very faint light coming in from down the hall. But it was enough to see it was Keith in the doorway.

Quest: How did you react?

Nurse: I woke up! He was alone, and he was still dressed, but his shirt was undone. Then he came in, and shut the door, and it was dark again — the really black dark you get in the country. My senses were so acute. There was another couple in the room, and two girls sleeping near each other. Was he just looking for a spare mattress? We had a couple that hadn't been claimed. Or was he after one of the girls? Or — cross fingers — me?

Quest: Was it you?

Nurse: I don't know. I heard him move about very quietly, then one of the empty matresses moved — it actually touched the end of mine, and he stopped for a moment; he was obviously afraid he'd disturbed me. Then I heard him settle. I only knew he was near, but not where exactly. So I lay still, trying to pick out the sound of his breathing, and I dozed off again. Only for a few minutes, though, because I suddenly felt someone touching me.

Quest: Where?

Nurse: On my leg, under my blanket, just above my knee. I didn't actually feel the hand arrive — I just woke and it was there. But I was confused,

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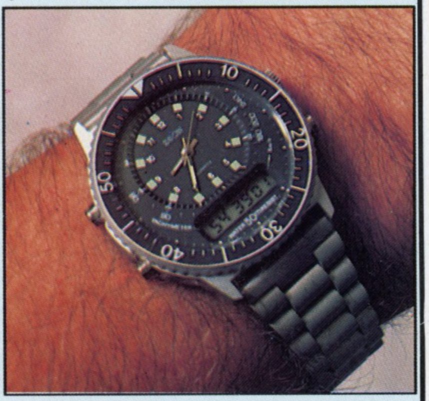

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M23/2

QUEST

because it seemed the wrong side for Barry — I was sure I still had my back to him. So it had to be Keith.

Quest: What did you do?

Nurse: Nothing. And nothing seemed to happen. I even thought Keith might have flung his arm while he was asleep, and it had landed on me by accident, though he'd had to have pushed it under my blanket. And then it began to move, not deliberately, but as if someone was just moving unconsciously in their sleep, or pretending that they were. Only a couple of inches, but definitely upwards, under my skirt.

Quest: And you let them?

Nurse: I wanted to see what would happen. I thought I could always pretend to wake up if I decided they'd gone too far. But in fact my phantom hand stopped again for another age, so I pretended to stir in my sleep, and turned further onto my back, which made my skirt looser.

Quest: Did your 'phantom' get the message?

Nurse: Oh yes. He moved another few inches, right onto my thigh. There was no doubt in my mind, then, that it was deliberate. He was touching me up.

Quest: Were you still convinced it was Keith?

Nurse: I was ninety per cent sure, but the odd thing was, I found that doubt made it even more exciting. And it was an agony feeling him so close to the front of my knickers. In the end I actually squirmed myself down a bit, hoping he'd take the hint — and he did!

Quest: Go on.

Nurse: I felt the tip of a finger move slowly up the middle of my knickers, right from the bottom of my mound, and along the line of my labia, pressing the cotton into my pubic hair. It was a nice feeling, but what got to me much more was that someone whose face I couldn't even see was doing such an incredibly intimate thing to me — and I was letting them!

Quest: Was that all they did?

Nurse: At first, but they did it over and over again, up and then down. Very softly and gently, but after a while they were starting to get to my clitoris, even through my knickers, and I could feel myself responding physically. That was when they began to vary the movements slightly, moving from side to side, or stroking my clitoral area a bit longer, or slipping down between the cheeks of my bottom. I realised they'd actually made me quite wet — my gusset was starting to bunch up, so that in a little while it wouldn't be covering me properly at all. I decided that's when I'd pretend to roll over in my sleep, and put a stop to things before they went too far.

Quest: Did you, though?

Nurse: No! One moment my knickers seemed to be cutting me, the next this strange warm finger was right on my bare labia, parting my lips so easily, and sliding straight up onto my clit. It felt like the top of my head had blown off! I lay there, swallowing in the dark, hardly believing the feelings. But they didn't stop, and neither did the finger. It began stroking me again, up and down, round and round, sliding deeper and deeper between my lips each time, until it felt like a fingertip, then a knuckle, then two fingers were dipping into me, giving me little pumps like tiny cocks and then going straight back to my clitty.

Quest: Did you think you would climax?

Nurse: I didn't think I'd be able to stop. I was so close — I even started jerking my hips up. I think that's what persuaded my phantom lover he was onto a good thing.

Quest: Why?

Nurse: I was suddenly aware of this body moving against me in the darkness, very strong and male and obviously aroused. It instantly changed my whole mental picture. Before, it had been a kind of naughty dream I was half in control of. Now all of a sudden there was someone real, and it was obvious what he wanted. There was a moment of panic, when I thought, 'Hey, wait, this shouldn't be happening.' Then I felt warm, hairy and obviously naked thighs touching mine — whoever it was was naked, from waist down at least — and suddenly the panic was being swept along with all the other feelings, and I knew I was going to let it happen. At least I was on the pill, so that was taken care of.

Quest: So you had intercourse?

Nurse: I felt this body move between my legs, and the hand pull my knickers aside, and he was sliding into me, very smoothly and easily. Then the problem seemed to be how to do it quietly enough not to disturb the others. In fact, it wasn't any sort of wild screw. He just buried himself in me as deep as he would go, and rocked backwards and forwards on my pubic bone, rubbing my clitoris between us as he did it. I had to bite on my hand as I had my climax, to stop myself wailing. And, as I had my spasms, I felt him let go, so I had a lovely sensation of milking him dry. Then he slumped for a few minutes, and then slipped away. The next thing I knew it was morning.

Quest: And had it been Keith?

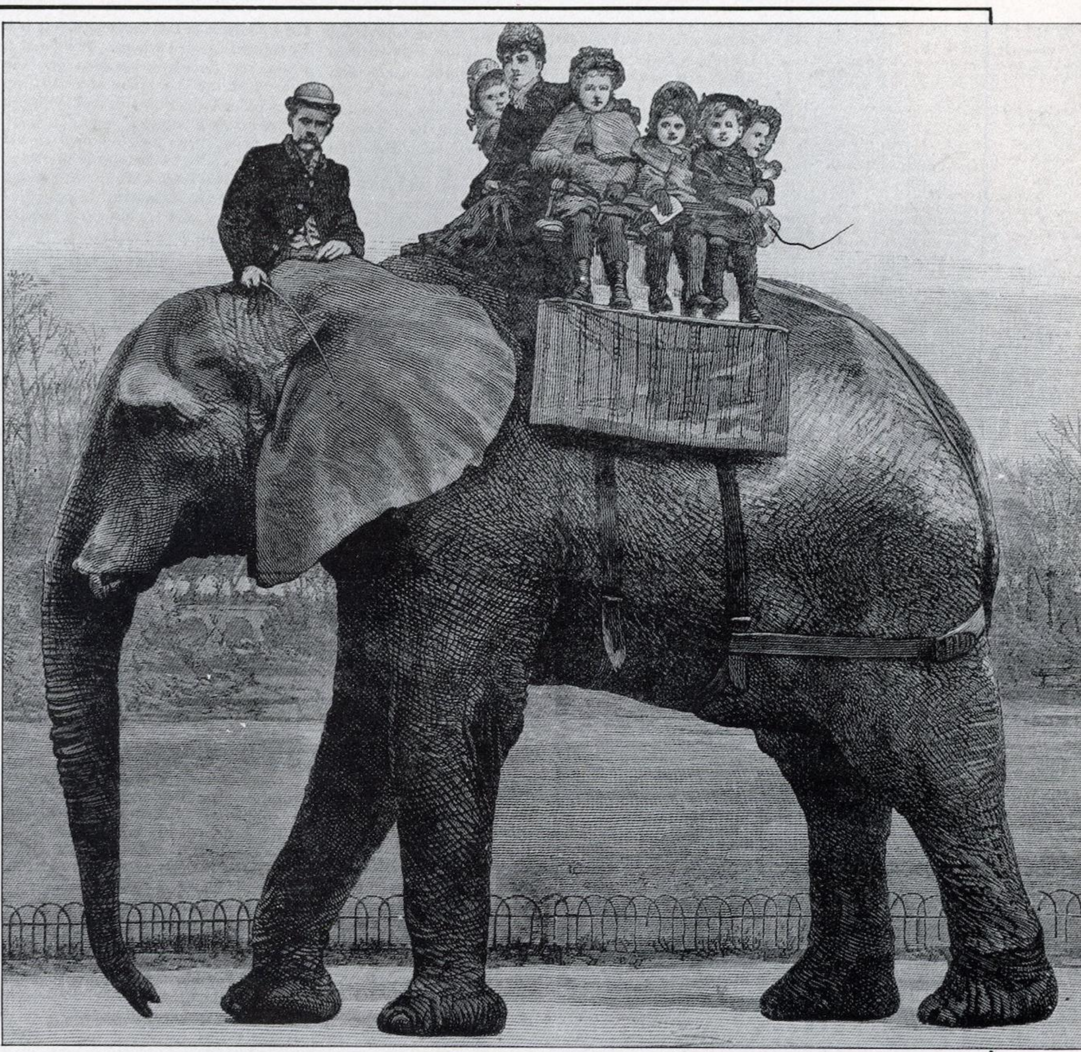
Nurse: I don't know! I know it sounds crazy, but I was too shy to ask him. He never said anything, and neither did Barry. I lost touch with both of them when our course ended. So *someone* knows more about my secret than I do.

Quest: Thank you.

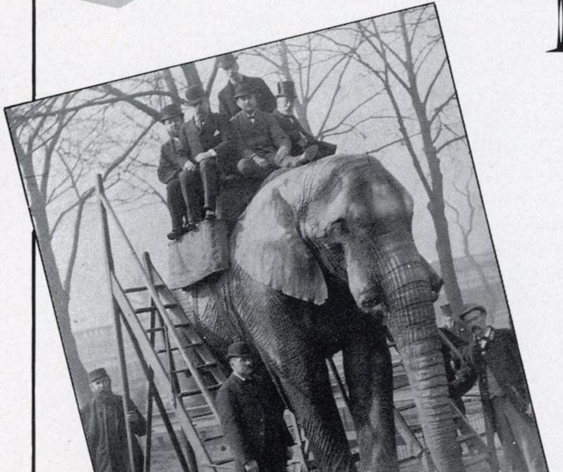
> **'My 'phantom lover' touched me in the darkness, then I felt his thigh and realised he was naked'**

Everyone knows jumbo jets and jumbo-sized sales items, but 100 years ago there was a real Jumbo, a big-hearted elephant whose name became a synonym for elephants everywhere and all things large

By Nino Lo Bello



JUMBO -THE BLUEPRINT FOR ALL GENTLE GIANTS



Above: In the early spring of 1882, Jumbo gave his last ride to children before being taken to America. Left: Such was his rise to fame, that even conservative Victorian gentlemen sat upon him.

On the night of September 15, 1885, a swift-moving express train crashed into an elephant at St Thomas, Ontario. The next day millions of the beast's admirers, from Auckland to Zanzibar, went into mourning when the word was flashed round that Jumbo the Great had been killed in a magnificent endeavour to save a friend.

Though circus posters of yesteryear had ballyhooed him with such tag lines as 'A Colossus of International Character Whose Like the World Will Never See Again,' the touching and tragic story of Jumbo is virtually forgotten today. Yet over a century ago the whole world sobbed for the fabled pachyderm, perhaps the most famous animal that ever lived. Easily the largest living creature in captivity, Jumbo stood eleven and a half feet high and weighed over six and a half tons. But the secret of Jumbo's fantastic popularity lay not so much in his size — staggering as that was, even for an elephant — but in his trained-poodle personality. Before he met death under the wheels of a Canadian freight train, Jumbo's unusual 'elephantisms' had made him the most noted zoo and circus celebrity of all time.

Picked up by London's Royal Zoological Gardens, which had acquired him as a baby in an even trade for a surplus rhinoceros, Jumbo kept growing out of all proportion over the years. By the late 1870s, he stood with a full shoulder height of almost four yards, not normal for an elephant. What struck people most about the immense creature was not his huge bulk, but the magnetism of his personality. One Canadian journalist described the Jumbo charm this way: 'Whenever he used to sway in the Elephant House from side to side, as his species is wont to do, it was obvious from the twinkle in his eye and the unmistakable smiling of his vast mouth that here was a truly amiable fellow. But the full sweetness of his character did not appear until he was led out, as he was every fine afternoon, to lumber along the zoo paths with eight or ten children on his back.'

This apparently gave Jumbo his greatest pleasure — giving rides to the kiddies. From the shrieks and laughter he seemed to know that the youngsters enjoyed him. Instinctively, he had a special approach when handling timid boys and girls whose little fingers, invariably trembling, proffered a lone bun or a sticky piece of chocolate. Jumbo's most effective gimmick was to kneel, perhaps to make himself smaller in the eyes of the children, and to wave his head playfully up and down and flap his sail-like ears back and forth. It was a great act, indeed!

Sometimes he brought on considerable merriment by trading a piece of chocolate for a peanut he had saved in his truck for just the right moment. He would gently snuff in the proffered sweet, and then plunk the hidden peanut into the child's hand. Such elephantine gestures of friendship invariably won everybody's heart.

Jumbo — whose name (shortened from Mumbo Jumbo) later earned a place in the English language as a word referring to anything extra-large — bolted into world prominence with a publicity stunt of his own creation. It happened in the winter of 1881 when P T Barnum, in search of novelties for his circus, offered 10,000 dollars to the Royal Zoo for its main drawing card. The bid was accepted, and immediately Barnum set to work plotting out a promotion build-up for his new acquisition. But that proved unnecessary. For now the biggest elephant in the world demonstrated to the greatest showman on earth an angle or two about public relations.

Thus, on Saturday, February 11, 1882, Jumbo put on a display of histrionics to convince the British he had no yen to leave England. It astounded the whole world and catapulted Jumbo to international eminence, such as no single animal had ever before. Due to go aboard ship that morning, Jumbo lumbered halfway through the zoo gate, stopped and backed forlornly into the grounds. What manner of rebellion was this? Jumbo knew what he wanted to do. Issuing a loud whine, he piteously stroked his keeper with his forehead in an imploring manner. Then he stamped his right hoof — once, twice, three times . . .

Keeper Matthew Scott, who had looked after him for nearly two decades, offered a sweet bun and tried to cajole the animal forward. But Jumbo would not be bribed. He sank to his knees and wheezed out another melancholy whimper. When that had no effect, the dejected 'Mastodon' slumped over on his side and lay inert — 13,000 stationary pounds of mammoth obstinacy. Trainer Scott knew Jumbo was playing his own hand of poker. Patting Jumbo on the head, he whispered an instruction for the animal to go back to the Elephant House. The big fellow immediately collected himself on all fours and double-timed happily back to his pen.

Newspapermen covering Jumbo's transfer dashed to their desks with the sensational story. Up to that point, the English public had taken Jumbo's sale with reasonable serenity. But all that changed. Now the elephant's conspicuous misery and pathetic refusal to leave his adopted land ignited compassion throughout the nation. The editors of *Vanity Fair*, a weekly not noted for sensationalism, polished up their editorial artillery and boomed 'Tempted by Barnum and his miserable 10,000 dollars, the Zoological Society has had the inhumanity to sell Jumbo into American slavery.'

The magazine then set up a 'Jumbo Defence Fund' to keep the elephant on British soil. Within a week, enough coins and bills had flowed in to repurchase the elephant five times over. But Barnum would not hear of it. The sale was legal and official, he said, and would stay that way. Besides, Barnum was no fool — he knew that with all the unexpected hullabaloo Jumbo now represented an even bigger potential gate money. While Londoners protested with mass demonstrations, the Prince of Wales — himself a former Jumbo rider when a youngster — publicly condemned Barnum's 'ungentlemanly piler'. Another reaction came from James Russell Lowell, then American Ambassador to the Court of St James, who quipped in a public speech:

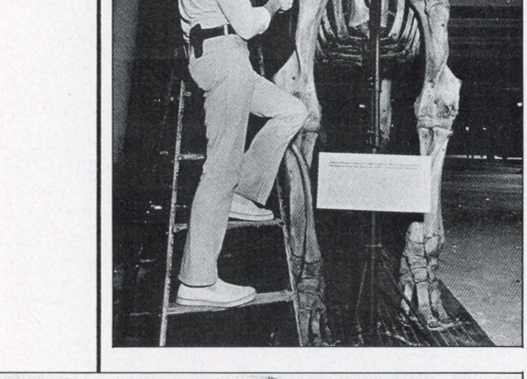
'The only burning question between England and the United States, as of now, is Jumbo the Great. A big problem indeed!'

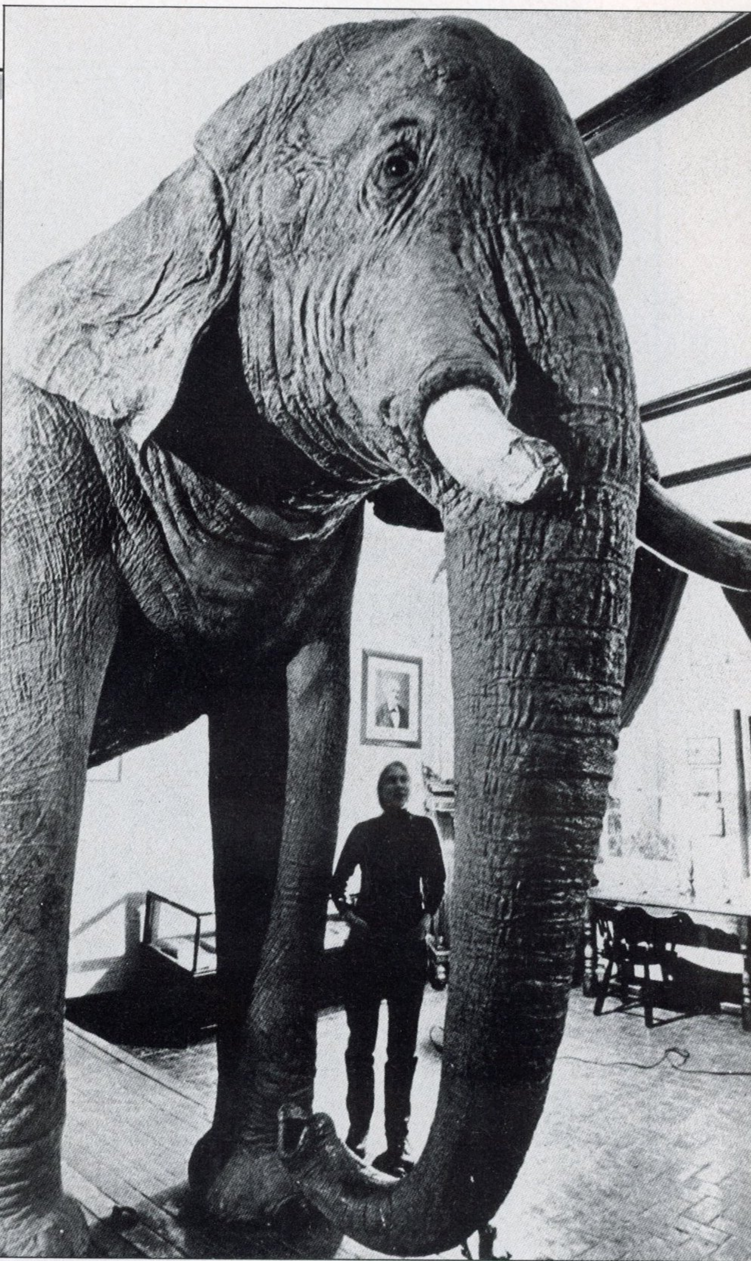
Even the intervention of Queen Victoria had no effect on the master showman, for more than ever did Barnum want Jumbo in New York to open up his circus in Madison Square Garden. While the elephant remained an international question, pictures of him went on sale everywhere. So did Jumbo hats, Jumbo ties, Jumbo collars, Jumbo cigars, Jumbo perfumes and Jumbo just-about-everything-else. Some of London's restaurants even featured on their menus Jumbo soups, Jumbo fritters, Jumbo salads, Jumbo pies.

Near the end of March, however, when it appeared that the protests had petered out, zoo officials and Barnum's agents successfully manoeuvered the oversized quadruped onto a ship, the *Assyrian Monarch*. The job was done at dawn to avoid crowds. The zoo keepers lured Jumbo from his pen into a doubly reinforced cage on wheels and had ten horses tug him to the dock. Keeper Scott — who had been hired by Barnum at twice his salary — stuck with Jumbo for the whole trip. By stroking the animal's trunk, murmuring sugary things into his ear and feeding him onions (his favourite treat), the trainer kept the reluctant animal in tow for an uneventful sea crossing. Jumbo arrived in New York City on April 9. He marched up Broadway with brass bands and dancing girls, as crowds cheered and shrilled out his name in unison — 'Ju-humbo! . . . Ju-humbo'!

Altogether it had cost Barnum over 30,000

Below: Jumbo's skeletal remains are reassembled in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Bottom: Jumbo with his keeper Matthew Scott shortly after arriving in the United States





Right: The restored hide of Jumbo the Elephant, as he appeared at Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts before a campus fire in 1975 destroyed it.

dollars — counting the purchase price and transportation fees — to get the elephant to Madison Square Garden. But, according to the box office receipts, which daily jumped 3,000 dollars over the usual intake, Jumbo paid for himself within the first month. All told, he netted Barnum an overall profit of half a million dollars.

For all of three years, Jumbo, who liked America from the first day, toured with Barnum & Bailey circus. No matter where he travelled Jumbo's docile manner endeared him to all — just like old times at the London Zoo. In those three seasons, nearly a million children clambered up Jumbo's back for the ride of their lives. Everything about Jumbo was showbusiness at its best.

A 'must' for anyone who visited the Barnum show was to 'ooh' and 'aah' at the celebrated pachyderm's own private railroad car. Known as 'Jumbo's Palace', it resembled a gigantic red-and-gold painted boxcar. The huge twin doors in the middle reached down almost to the railroad tracks to allow passage in and out. Inside this awesome van, Guardian Scott kept his bunk next to Jumbo's head.

'In those days', Scott told a newspaper interviewer after his retirement, 'I used to split a quart of beer with Jumbo every night after the performance. He grew accustomed to it and always looked forward to his nip before bedtime. Once I must've forgotten and drank the whole bottle myself, while he stood by, too polite to remind me he hadn't had his. So Jumbo told me in his own way later. He waited until I was sound asleep, picked me off my mattress with his trunk and laid me gently on the hard floor. Then he nudged me and I awoke. With his trunk he was pointing to the empty bottle. After that, you can bet I never forgot to give Jumbo his share.'

It was during the 1885 season that Jumbo met with his fatal mishap.

The Barnum & Bailey troupe had pulled into the Canadian wheat town of St Thomas on September 15, a Tuesday. At the performance that evening, just before the intermission, the elephants marched out of the arena to be loaded into the animal cars located in the adjoining freight yards. Because Jumbo and another elephant named Tom Thumb closed the act, they were the last to bow from the ring. Escorted by their trainers, Jumbo and Tom Thumb waddled along a railroad track running parallel to the circus train, that was parked on an adjoining set of rails. As luck would have it, the track they were walking on served as the main road for the freight trains of Canada's Grand Trunk Railway. At that moment, unknown to the two keepers westbound Locomotive No 88 was bowling along that very track. When engineer William Burnip caught sight of the two men and their elephants, he jammed on his brakes, threw the locomotive into reverse and pulled his whistle three times.

Jumbo instantly discerned the danger. Trumpeting loud enough to drown out the brass band inside the grand tent, the elephant opened up a wild stampede down the railway sleepers. He could not escape on one side because it was blocked by the long line of circus cars, nor could he flee to his left because of a six-foot embankment. Aware that the train could never stop in time, Scott sought to encourage the elephant to risk the embankment for safety. But Jumbo had his own plan. He elected to outsprint the onrushing express. It was a mistake.

Then — according to the most widely accepted version — Jumbo suddenly stopped in his path. He realized he had left behind the pygmy elephant. In a game attempt to rescue his friend, Jumbo forfeited his own life. Snatching the little fellow from in front of the thundering freight, he hurtled him a few yards to safety. Seconds later, as massive sparks crackled from the wheels, the engine rammed into Jumbo head-on.

The broken beast lay huddled against the gnarled rails. The terrific impact had fractured his massive skull and split apart his vital organs. His blood sapped out from hundreds of deep gashes across his leather-like hide. (Yet miraculously, engineer Burnip and his fireman emerged uninjured, but thoroughly shaken). Keeper Scott, who had jumped to safety with the other trainer at the last moment, climbed back to Jumbo's side. He stroked the animals giant forehead and the painful cry subsided. Moments before the great body stopped breathing, Jumbo's trunk reached out to snuggle his old companion's hand in a final clasp.

Jumbo's death was a tremendous blow to Barnum, whose affection for the animal had gone beyond the click of the turnstile. He decided to keep the elephant's hide and skeleton and hire a taxidermist. Souvenir hunters, nevertheless, managed to pluck out strands of Jumbo's hair and also chip off slivers of ivory from the stumps of his tusks.

Though Jumbo had literally gone out in a blaze of glory, he remained in show business for a couple of years thereafter. The skeleton and stuffed statue travelled with Barnum & Bailey as an added attraction until the end of the 1887 season. Barnum finally did close the book on Jumbo by donating the naked frame to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, while giving the restored effigy to Tufts University in Medford, Massachusettes.

For over 85 years the 12-foot-high exhibit was housed on campus in the Barnum Museum, the renowned circus elephant having become the darling of the student body (tradition had it that a coin placed in Jumbo's trunk before an exam was a lucky charm, guaranteed to bring a good grade). But on the morning of April 14 1975, bad luck struck when a fire completely consumed Jumbo's stuffed remains as flames destroyed the Barnum Museum.

P T Barnum's flair for maximum showmanship had given the elephant his final stroke of success. Jumbo became the only circus performer in history to be 'on stage' in two different cities at the same time until the big fire. Killed in Canada by a railroad train, burned out in Massachusetts by a raging fire, Jumbo the Great's skeleton can still be seen in New York; a city where you can find his name reflected in everything from a jumbo hamburger to a jumbo jet.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Dusk fell softly on the little convent in the mountains. In her study, the Mother Superior sat sipping at the glass of wine she always took before retiring — the sole luxury of her sequestered existence.

Suddenly the door burst open, and the Sub Prioress rushed in.

'Reverend Mother, Reverend Mother,' she cried aghast.

'Whatever's the matter, my dear?' replied the Mother Superior calmly.

'It's terrible,' continued the Sub-Prioress in tears. 'I've just discovered a case of lesbianism in the convent. Whatever shall I do?'

The old nun's face lit up.

'Why, isn't it obvious?' she said. 'Open a bottle at once. It can't be any worse than this Beaujolais Nouveau.'

Doctor: How often do you have sex?
Patient: Infrequently.
Doctor: Is that one word or two?

Great Quotes of Our Time:
After having sex with Annie Hall in the film of the same name, Woody Allen described it as 'the most fun he'd had without laughing.'

A beer-serving Frau from the Rhein
Goes nympho after drinking one stein.
She had so many fellers
The German beer kellers
Now call her the local ein stein

Following the death of their millionaire father, three sons gathered together in the solicitor's office for the hearing of the will. The deceased was a self-made man and, although generous by nature, had his eccentricities. He fervently believed that one's job not money dictated a person's status in society, and had planned his will accordingly. Instead of giving away vast fortunes, he had decided instead to help his sons in their chosen careers.

The solicitor turned to the first son.

'Reginald,' he said, 'your father told me that you intend to become a solicitor when you are older, and has instructed me to give you this.

So saying he handed the 18-year-old an envelope. Inside were the title deeds to an office in the Inns of Court.

'Now, Nigel, I understand from your father that *you* intend to become a doctor,' continued the solicitor. 'And your father has instructed me to give you this.'

He handed out a second envelope. This time containing the title deeds to a surgery in Harley Street.

'And finally, I come to you . . . Willy.'

The solicitor turned towards the third son, a scruffy individual whose lack of ambition had always led to family rows.

'I understand you intend starting up as a pig farmer when you reach maturity. Your father has instructed me to give you this.'

So saying the solicitor approached the young lad and kneed him squarely in the balls.

'Whatever was that for?' he cried in pain.

'Your father insisted you be given a couple of achers to get started with.'

Two old codgers sat contentedly drinking in their favourite pub. Then suddenly one made a move to leave.

'Where are you off to, Harry?' asked the other.

'I've got to be getting back, Bert, it's my wife's birthday.'

'Really, how old is she now?'

'Eighty this year,' replied Harry. 'But I reckon she'll live to be one hundred.'

'And what about you?' asked Bert. 'You're eighty as well aren't you?'

'Yes, and I hope to live to one hundred and one.'

'Why's that, Harry?'

'Frankly, I could do with a year off.'

At a weekly bingo session in the local community centre, a little old lady found herself sitting next to the village idiot. Two minutes into the first game, he leant over her shoulder, and pointed to the numbers on her card as they were called out.

'Why don't you concentrate on your own card?' grumbled the old woman, annoyed at his constant intrusions.

'I can't,' he replied. 'It's full up.'

Did you hear about the workaholic who was done for resisting a rest?

A vicar was invited to give a talk at a nearby school. Keen on religious ceremonial he decided to take as his subject the correct way to pray.

'Prayer takes many different forms,' he told the pupils of the East London Comprehensive. 'But the most common is the prayer for forgiveness. Now tell me, does anyone know what one should do first?'

A young boy's hand shot up.

'Yes, boy,'

'Get caught shagging the wife of the bloke next door.'

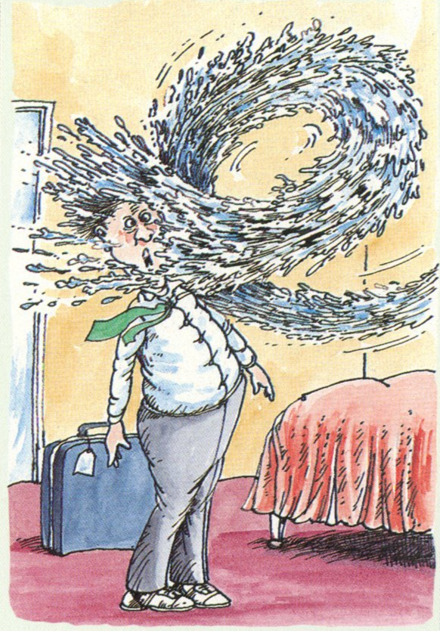
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

I BUG YOUR PARSON

~is that meant to be English?

When foreigners write notices in English they rarely get it quite right. Happily the results are usually hilarious. Dennis Winston has compiled a list of choice howlers from around the world

ILLUSTRATION BY
MARTIN HONEYSETT



Flying water in all room. You may bask in sin on patio.

HOTEL NOTICE
Istanbul

Eggs with Reindeer
Grained Pike-perch with Much Rooms
Cock in Red Wine
Shaghai Sailors Chicke Curry

MENU ITEMS
Turku, Finland

A Half Cock of the Countrywoman
Rum and Steak and ships

HOTEL MENU ITEMS
Paris

You are invite to visit our restaurant where you can eat the Middle East Foods in an European ambulance.

HOTEL NOTICE
Ankara, Turkey

TABU DISCOTEQUE
With or without a date and in summer — plus open air banging-bar.

POSTER
Torremolinos, Spain

It is kindly requested from our guests to avoid dirting and doing rumours in the rooms.

HOTEL BEDROOM NOTICE
Istanbul

Speciality of the Day
Bread

MENU CARD
Leningrad, USSR

Because of the impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom, it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose.

HOTEL NOTICE
Zurich

Why not try out our sauna baths? If you are lucky you might get a hot sausage.

HOTEL NOTICE
Rovaniemi, Finland

PLEASE TO DEPRESS KNOB
AND LET WATER COME DOWN
ABUNDANTLY

Notice in public lavatory
Milan, Italy

SPECIALIST IN WOMEN
AND OTHER DISEASES

Sign outside
doctor's surgery

Aeroflot Soviet Airlines has more than 100,000 miles of international airlines, disposing of the latest aircraft and equipment and experienced pilots and personnel.

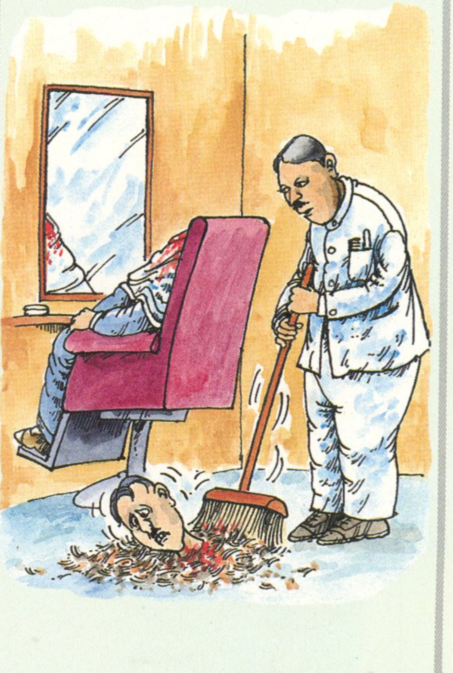
AIRPORT NOTICE
Leningrad, USSR

Ladies can have fits upstairs.

DRESS SHOP NOTICE
Tel Aviv, Israel

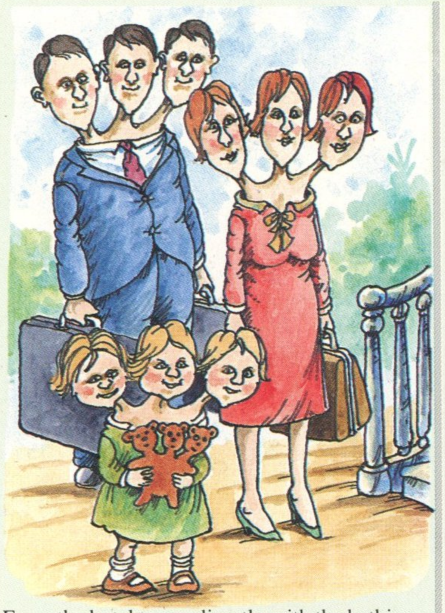
Dear Guest
On September 30, winter timing will start. As of 12:00 midnight all clocks will be forward one hour back.
Truly yours,
The Management

HOTEL NOTICE
Cairo



Hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors with great care and skill.
No irritating feeling afterwards.

BARBER-SHOP NOTICE
Bombay



From the hotel to sea directly with the bathing-costume. If you inform in adwance every variation of the menu has accepted. Special reduction for children and for many-headed families.

HOTEL NOTICE
Cattolica, Italy

Suggestive views from every window.

HOTEL BROCHURE
Amalfi, Italy

If service required give two strokes to the maid and three for the varlet.

Notice by hotel room bell-push
Austria

A sports jacket may be worn to dinner but no trousers.

HOTEL NOTICE
France

This hotel is renowned for its peace and solitude. In fact, crowds from all over the world flock here to enjoy its solitude.

HOTEL BROCHURE
Italy

You will feel like being at home.

HOTEL BROCHURE
Salzburg, Austria

We are No. 1 loafers, best in Bombay.

BAKERY SIGN
Bombay, India

We have nice bath and are very good in bed.

HOTEL BROCHURE
Zurich, Switzerland

Friend Cod
Assaulted Artichoke
Eggs Good Woman
Rape, Seamanlike Style

MENU ITEMS
Seville, Spain

NO AUTOMOBILES. PEDERASTS ONLY.

Hotel courtyard sign
Barcelona, Spain

Enter the cabin of full lighting only and never backwards

HOTEL LIFT SIGN
Potsdam, East Germany

Stuffed meat copulate (fresh in seasons)

MENU ITEM
Ankara, Turkey

We will embark for the island of Lobos, where we will have plenty of time to have a swim and to admire the marines' bottoms

TOURIST BROCHURE
Tenerife

When you dine at the 'Metro' restaurant you will have the feeling you are being literally wafted up to heaven, when you take the first bite of a *cotelette de volaille* stuffed with pasty.

As for the *tripe à la polpetta* which will be served you at the Hotel Monopol . . . you will be singing its praises to your grandchildren as you lie on your deathbed.

And then again, somewhere, sometime, you may be given a *tenderloin à la Châteaubriand* tough as a pine lath; well, then, you break your teeth, and so, without teeth and hungry you got off to bed.

Whatever you may meet up with, one thing we can positively guarantee — YOU WILL NOT BE BORED IN POLAND! POLAND IS THE COUNTRY FOR GREAT EXPERIENCES!

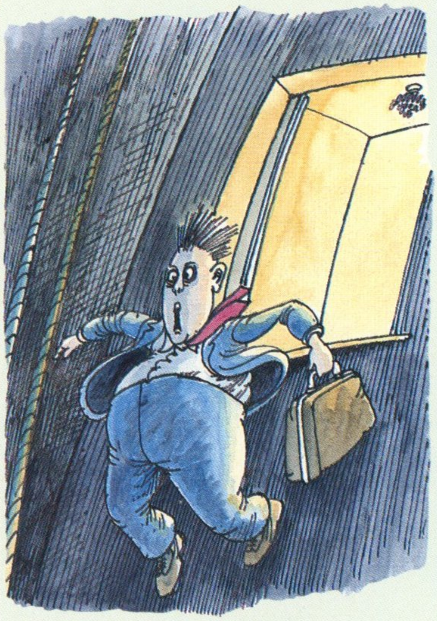
TOURIST BROCHURE
Poland

Skiers must all be raped on before crossing the pass

Cable-car notice
Zermatt, Switzerland

Entrance refused to ladies in bare arms and gentlemen in knickers

CATHEDRAL NOTICE
Crema, Italy



Please see that lift is really here before you open the door.

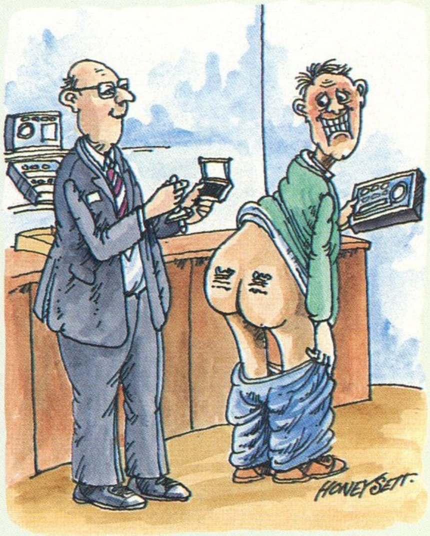
FIFTH FLOOR HOTEL NOTICE
Munich, West Germany

If set breaks, inform manager. Do not interfere with yourself.

Notice on hotel
room TV set
Belgrade

WERY STRONK BIER

BAR NOTICE
Finland ferry



The country's agents stamped on the backside will carry out the honour of the guarantee in their country.

Akai tape-recorder
guarantee

Emperor Akbar reigned for 49 years peacefully, but his later days were saddenly by the ill-conduct of his son Salim, who revelled against his father and killed Akbar's fast friend Abul Fazal.

Emperor Jehangir had 7,000 ladies in the harem. As he was a talented drunkard and a luxurious man he died in 1627 at the age of 57 years.

GUIDEBOOK
India

Every evening you may listen to the concertos offered by Michail Kiriloff, playing with tenderness and gusto a Hammond-Combo Electric Organ. You will like it better today if you listened to it already yesterday.

HOTEL LEAFLET
Bucharest, Rumania

If you wish desinfection enacted on your presence please ring for chambermaid.

HOTEL NOTICE
Lisbon

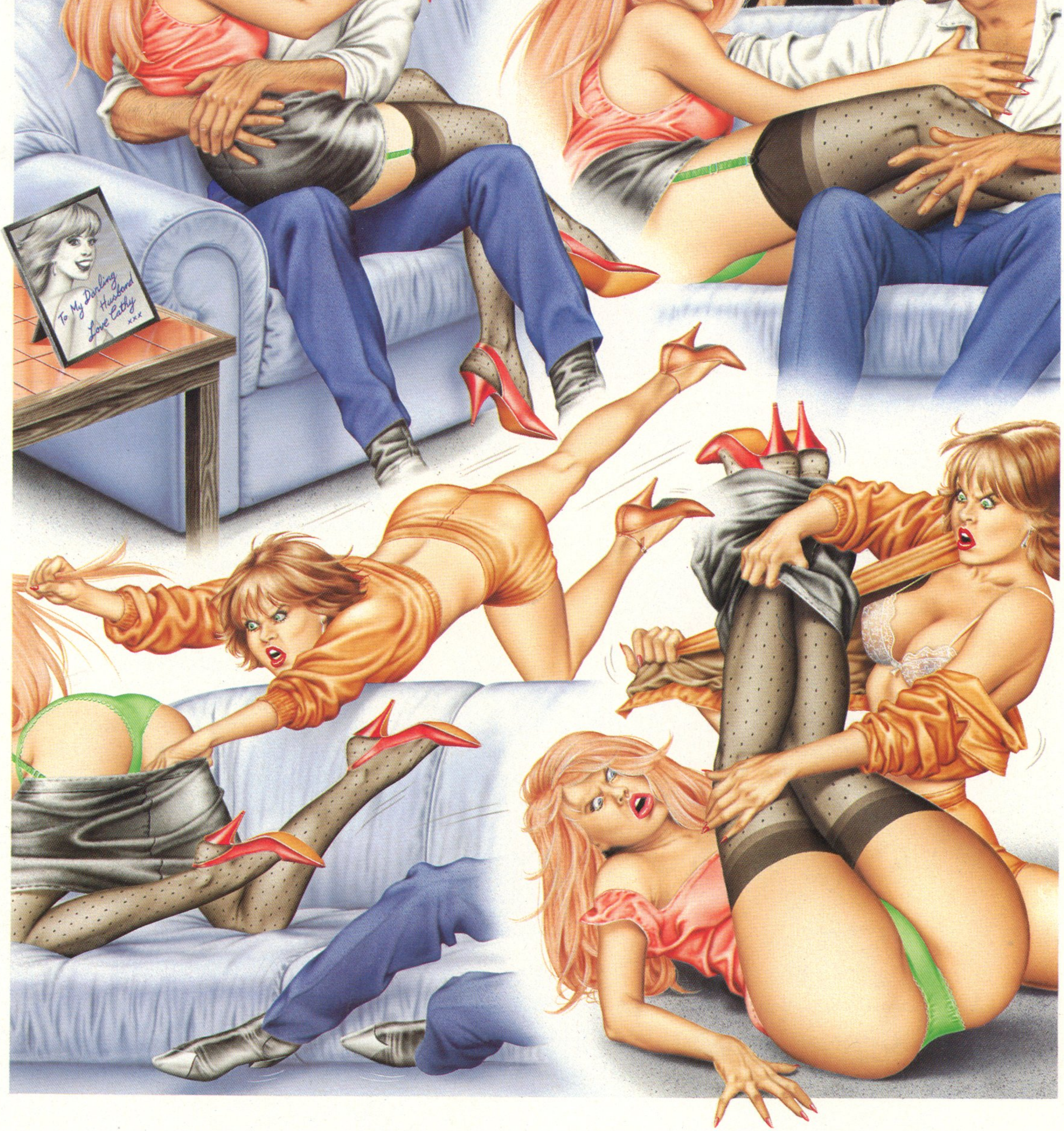
The hour will be 60 minutes late today.

TIME ZONE WARNING
Italian cruise ship

Taken from **French Widow in Every Room** by Dennis Winston, published by Unwin Hyman (£5.95)

CARRIE

Polishing up her part, Carrie has an undress rehearsal


To My Darling Husband Love Cathy xxx
!
!
Harrods

Steve Kirlestad
AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY
REHEARSAL SCRIPT for "PLATONIC LOVE" by Isla Bott